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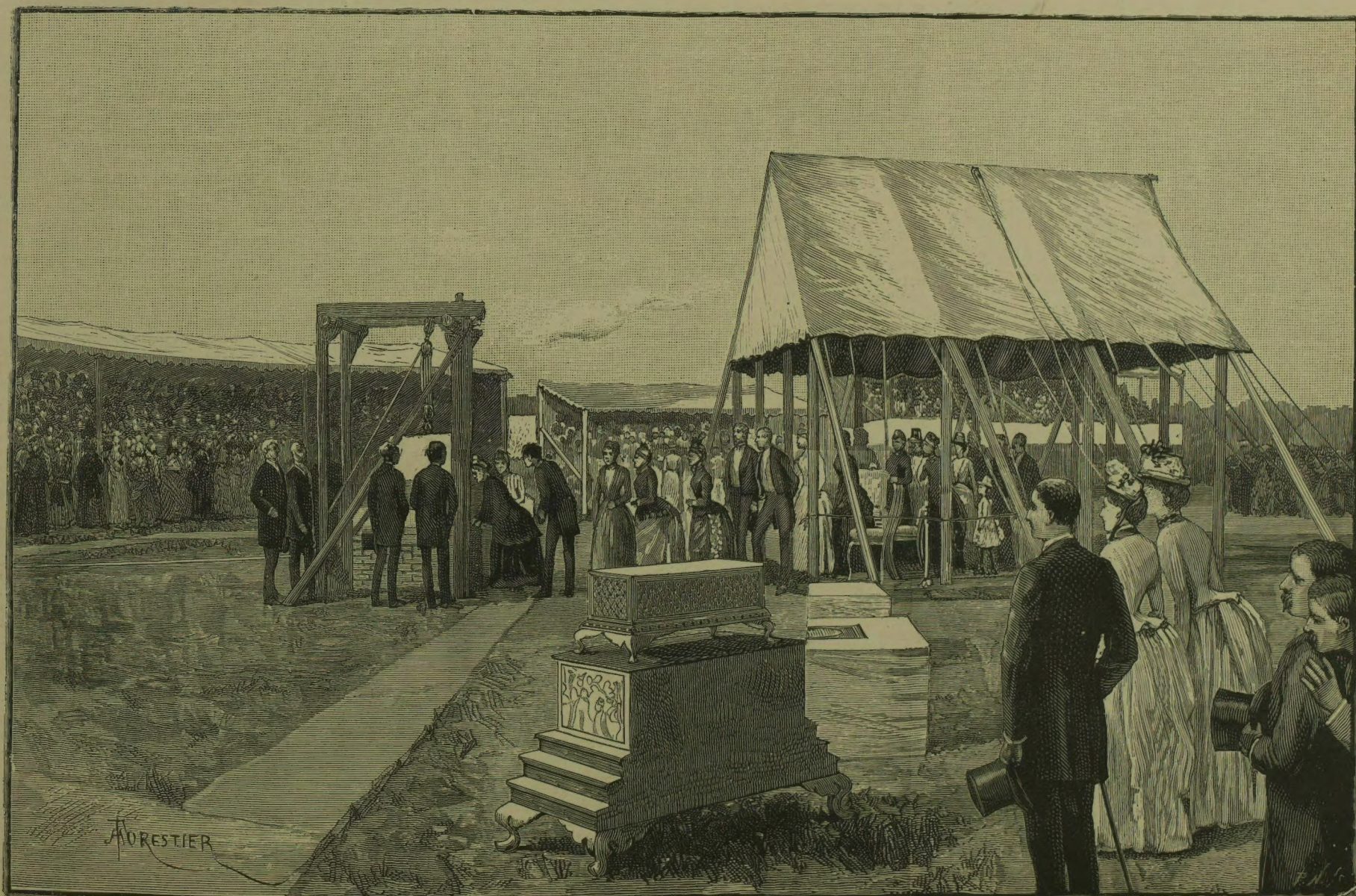
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MONSIGNORE RUFFO SCILLA,
SPECIAL ENVOY FROM THE POPE.



PRINCE FERDINAND OF SAXE-COBURG,
PRINCE-ELECT OF BULGARIA.



THE QUEEN LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE STATUE OF PRINCE ALBERT (WOMEN'S JUBILEE OFFERING) IN WINDSOR PARK.

SEE "THE LADIES' COLUMN."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

If the Westminster Abbey service was the grandest, the Women's Jubilee Offering may fairly claim to have supplied the reason for the most familiarly interesting, of all the Jubilee ceremonials. There was so much womanly feeling in the air; the Queen looked so unfeignedly happy; and all Major Tully's admirably organised arrangements worked so well! Then there was the charm of the sylvan scenery: magnificent beeches and elms belting the large lawn on which the function was held, and the waters of the lake gleaming through the trees—the setting sun throwing tender beams of light—the sky diffusing from multitudinous soft fleecy white clouds a delicate sheeny sort of shade. Add the brilliance of the bright dresses of the ladies, under the canopies of the Royal circular dais and the horse-shoe-shaped grand stand; of the gold and crimson brocade of the Royal seats; of the distant scarlet of the uniforms of the Coldstreams keeping the ground; of the nearer patch of colour where the great red-lacquered casket, containing the address from the women of Burmah, stood on the green grass; of the contrast of the spotless white of the many tents placed just beyond the stand, and of the great block of white marble poised on its stone foundation midway between dais and stand:—and the pretty combination of State ceremony and country freedom, of society splendour and sylvan simplicity, may be imagined by those not fortunate enough to be present.

The subscription for a tribute from the women of Great Britain to the Queen, first suggested by me in this column in October last, and developed into an organisation for accomplishing the fact by a meeting at Lady Strafford's house about a fortnight later, has reached the really important sum of over eighty thousand pounds. The committee have placed the whole amount at her Majesty's disposal, and have even begged to be excused from complying with her Majesty's request that they should suggest three methods of employing the money for the good of women, from which the Queen would make the final selection. My own plan for employing the amount so as to make the women of the future thankful, as those of to-day are, for the reign of Queen Victoria—viz., the establishment of a Women's Technical University—I have more than once referred to here; but the matter remains undecided, and will, of course, ultimately be settled by the Queen.

I have had the pleasure of receiving a good deal of correspondence on this subject from my readers. One lady favours a notion that the Queen should have a sapphire crown made with the money, to be put in the Tower of London amongst the Crown jewels. It would be hard, in my judgment, to invent any use for the sum more nearly resembling folding a talent in a napkin and burying it; but there is little likelihood of such a catastrophe, with the extreme good sense of her Majesty to hold in check the enthusiasm of lovers of display. Another lady thinks of a fund for giving a helping hand to women who fall into poverty and misfortune; one objection to which is that the income derivable from even £70,000 is too trifling, by comparison with the sum of female misfortune, for any such scheme to be broad and general enough. Yet again, a correspondent thinks that it would be well for her Majesty to give the offering over to a women's hospital in London. But this must justly be objected to on the score of the local character of the idea. The metropolitan hospitals cannot reasonably be exclusively benefited out of a subscription very largely raised in the provinces; and if the Queen were to divide the amount amongst all the great women's hospitals of the whole country, the offering would have all its memorial character frittered away by being so broken up. Moreover, I remain convinced that no scheme whatsoever for eleemosynary aid can be so widely beneficial or so lastingly valuable as one for training and educating young women for their future lives, domestic and industrial, and so averting a greater mass of sickness, want, and sorrow than charitable gifts, after the misfortune is incurred, can ever relieve.

The Queen having chosen the erection in Windsor Park of a statue of her husband as what may be called her personal share of the offering, invitations to the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone were issued by the committee to the representatives of the subscribers; the chiefs of counties and boroughs, and a few working-women being specially requested to attend. The centre of the great horse-shoe stand, which was erected opposite the site, was reserved for the representatives of England, who wore red ribbon favours; to their left came Scotland, with yellow bows; while to the right of England were first, the Irish, and next the Welsh ladies, wearing, respectively, green favours and green crossed with white. The latter, Lady Llanover told me, are the old Royal colours of Wales, the standard being green with a silver cross. As to the Irish favours, some of the ladies of the committee insisted on wearing the pale blue of the ribbon of the order of St. Patrick, green being the disloyal colour in Ireland. The Irish deputation were, however, justly proud of the tribute of loyalty which they had brought, the number of women subscribing being no fewer than 150,000. Their signatures were presented to her Majesty in a beautiful casket of Irish oak, carved by Irish ladies. An engraving of this casket appears on another page. The Ceylon women's offering has been contributed to by over 100,000 women; and the Burmah one by 64,000 subscribers.

There were about fifteen hundred ladies in the stands when her Majesty arrived. The four front rows were reserved for the committee, and here were to be recognised the Marchionesses of Downshire, Drogheda, Headfort, and both the Marchioness and Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry; the Countesses of Strafford, Lathom, Sandwich, Sydney, and Bandon; Ladies Muncaster, Wantage, Harlech, and Burdett-Coutts; and a great many other Peereses. The venerable Lady Llanover, wearing a full-frilled muslin cap under her rather tall hat, looked very strongly national in the front row of the Welsh stand. Mrs. Gladstone, in the palest blue silk, chose to sit with the Welsh deputation. In each division, a few working-men's wives and other representatives of the poorer subscribers were placed in the front row, by her Majesty's special command; and at the conclusion of the proceedings her Majesty expressed her regret that there had not been more of these present.

Princess Christian, wearing the same dress that she had on at the Queen's garden-party, was the first of the Royal family to arrive; her gown was of mignonette (greyish-green) faille Française, with panels of embroidery edged by flat gold passementerie. Her two daughters were with her, and wore butter-yellow embroidered lawns, with white straw hats trimmed on the crowns with roses. Only a few minutes afterwards the Queen's procession came in sight. It was simple, yet looked very fine. There were three open carriages, each drawn by four grey ponies, scarlet-clad postillions driving, scarlet outriders preceding, and a company of scarlet-coated and silver-encrusted and helmeted Guards following as escort. In the first carriage sat her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught opposite, the Queen being dressed in black silk, and both the younger Royal ladies in grey silk. The Crown Prince of Germany, the Duke of Connaught and his two little children, the Grand Duke of Hesse and his two daughters, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, were

the occupants of the other carriages. The Royal procession drove into the inclosure, and the Queen's carriage stopped at the end of a sloping gangway which led at once on to the dais, while a similar platform descended on the other side of the dais to the stone. The greetings of the Royal family passed while the singing of "God Save the Queen" by the whole company was taking place; and as soon as this was ended the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, proceeded at once to lay the stone.

This ceremony ended, her Majesty, accompanied by her family and attended by Lady Strafford and Major Tully, walked round the front of the grand stand, stopping on her way to receive the Burmah address from Mrs. Halliday and the Ceylon one from the Hon. Lady Hamilton Gordon. The Queen leaned on a crutch-handled stick in walking, but nevertheless seemed perfectly well; and an expression of the most sincere pleasure was visible on her Majesty's countenance. The Peereses in each division, as the Queen passed by, were permitted to kiss hands; the humbler representatives, placed in the front row, were made happy by a few gracious words or a special smile in each case. After thus slowly walking round the ground, the Queen returned to the dais, and stood some minutes conversing with the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Strafford; then, re-entering her carriage, her Majesty drove away, attended as she had arrived. Half an hour afterwards the general company had all returned to Windsor, and "Smith's Lawn" was left to its normal quietude. F. F.-M.

THE NEW PRINCE OF BULGARIA.

Prince Ferdinand Maximilian Charles Leopold Marie, Duke of Saxe (or, as he is commonly styled, Prince of Coburg), the new Prince-Elect of Bulgaria, is the youngest son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, who died in 1881, and Princess Clémentine of Bourbon-Orléans, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France. The young Prince, who was born in Vienna, Feb. 26, 1861, is a Lieutenant in the 11th Austrian Regiment of Hussars. He is, like most members of the House of Coburg, connected by blood with a number of European Royal houses, including that of Great Britain, through the late Prince Consort, who was brother of the present reigning Duke of Coburg and head of that house, Leopold II. Prince Ferdinand is, moreover, connected with the Royal families of Belgium and Brazil, two of his brothers having married Princesses of the reigning houses in those countries. It may be mentioned that, though a German Prince, he is an Austrian subject, having been born in Vienna, as stated above, and also possessing vast estates in Hungary, and that of Ebenthal, near Vienna, where he is at present residing, and where he has received the deputation from the Bulgarian Sobranje offering him the crown. His Highness is very wealthy, and has great expectations from his mother. Finally, it may be added that he is reported to be most anxious to accept the task before him, being very ambitious and with a thirst for action. He is, moreover, an accomplished scholar, a good soldier, and a perfect gentleman, much liked in Viennese society. The Prince is of the Roman Catholic religion.

THE PAPAL ENVOY.

Monsignore Louis Ruffo-Scilla, titular Archbishop of Petra, was the Envoy Extraordinary of His Holiness the Pope at the Court of Queen Victoria, lately sent hither to express the Pope's congratulations upon the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, and was also charged with the mission of re-establishing political relations between the Vatican and the British Government. He was accompanied by Monsignore Zaleski and Monsignore Merry Del Val. The Papal Envoy was received by her Majesty at Buckingham Palace on Monday, the 20th ult., being formally introduced, in the presence of the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. On the 21st, the day of the Queen's Jubilee, by the express desire of the Pope, Thanksgiving services took place in the Roman Catholic churches. The principal service was celebrated at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, by Monsignore Ruffo-Scilla, and in the presence of Cardinal Manning. The function was one of the most impressive and elaborate which has been performed in any Roman Catholic church in this country since the Reformation, and was attended by a large number of the leading Roman Catholic laity. The Duke of Norfolk accompanied the Papal Envoy, who was his guest, to the Pro-Cathedral. Monsignore Ruffo-Scilla was for some time Apostolic Nuncio to the Court of Bavaria.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. Everett Gray and Miss Don, daughter of the late Sir William Don, Bart., was solemnised on Tuesday at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, South Kensington. The bride was conducted to the altar by her uncle, Sir Frederick Milbank; and was followed by five bridesmaids—Miss Millais, the Hon. Violet Willoughby, Miss Cust, and the Misses Aline and May Milbank. Mr. Newall acted as best man.

The marriage of Mr. Richard Chamberlain, M.P. for Islington, and brother of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., with Miss Theodora Swinburne, younger daughter of Sir John Swinburne, Bart., M.P., of Capheaton, Northumberland, took place on Tuesday forenoon in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. Mr. Walter Chamberlain acted as best man to his brother, and Miss Aline Butler, the bride's cousin, was the only bridesmaid; the bride being given away by Mr. Mills, her cousin.

The Duchess of Teck has signified her intention to be present at the dedication of the chapel at the Princess Mary Village Homes, Addlestone, by the Bishop of Winchester, on the 27th inst.

The Bishop of Rochester presided on Monday at a meeting of his Diocesan Society, when the following grants were made:—£600 for various mission buildings, £200 for Christ Church (Forest-hill) parsonage, and £950 for salaries of living agents for the Michaelmas quarter.

The State apartments, the Albert Chapel, and the Round Tower at Windsor Castle will be reopened on the 25th inst., and will be accessible to visitors between eleven and four o'clock on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays during the absence of the Court.

Lord Rosebery on Monday laid the memorial-stone of a new Working Men's Institute in Fort-road, Bermondsey. In the course of a speech he spoke of the importance of an educated public opinion, especially in view of the great power of the democracy, and also alluded to the need for restoring to London its sense of responsibility and individuality.

Princess Louise, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, on Monday laid the foundation-stone of St. Paul's church, Kensington. The church is being erected at the south end of Palace Gardens-terrace, in the place of an old iron church, which is said to have been used for commissariat purposes during the Crimean War. The new church, Early English in style, is designed to accommodate about one thousand persons.

THE COURT.

The foundation-stone of the statue of the Prince Consort, forming part of the Jubilee offering to the Queen of the women and girls of the kingdom, was laid on Thursday week by her Majesty in Windsor Park. (The ceremony is illustrated and described in the present issue.) On the same day the Queen received addresses from the Corporations of Windsor and Reading, the Dean and Canons of St. George's Chapel, the Military and the Naval Knights of Windsor, and the Harrow, Rugby, and Winchester Schools, to each of which the Queen returned gracious replies. The Queen's dinner-party included the Crown Prince of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Irene of Hesse, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lady Amphyll, Lady-in-Waiting; the Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian, Lady Cowell, Count Radolinski, in attendance on the Crown Prince of Germany; Lieutenant-General Von Westerweller, Colonel Spencer Hall, Major Von Kessel, Mr. Sahl, the Master of the Household. The band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. Thomas, played a selection of music during dinner. The Queen drove to Frogmore on Friday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. Prince Henry of Battenberg joined her Majesty at Frogmore. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales arrived at the Castle and took luncheon with her Majesty. The Queen gave a tea-party at Windsor Castle last Saturday afternoon, to which a number of the lady representatives of the Women's Jubilee Offering were invited. Her Majesty received an address of congratulation from the Royal School of Art Needlework, of which Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein is president. On Sunday morning her Majesty drove to Frogmore, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum, where the Crown Prince of Germany and the Duchess of Connaught joined her Majesty. The Dean of Windsor officiated. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at Windsor Castle, the Rev. Canon Gee, D.D., officiating. The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., arrived at the Castle and had an audience of her Majesty. The Royal dinner-party included the Crown Prince of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, Lady Amphyll, Lady-in-Waiting; the Hon. Horatia Stopford, the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, the Hon. and Rev. Canon and Lady Caroline Courtenay, Admiral Lord Frederic Kerr, Groom-in-Waiting; and Major-General Sir John McNeill, K.C.B., V.C., Equerry-in-Waiting. The remaining members of the household had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room after dinner. The Queen, attended by the Royal suite, left Windsor Castle on Tuesday morning for the Isle of Wight. Her Majesty quitted Windsor, and travelled over the Great and South Western Railways to the Clarence Yard, Gosport. The Royal party was received with naval honours at Portsmouth for the first time since the Prince Consort's death. Between Portsmouth and Osborne her Majesty inspected the Jubilee fleet.—The Queen has contributed £200 to the Clergy Distress Fund, which now amounts to £35,450.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, arrived at Marlborough House on Thursday evening, the 14th inst., from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Yesterday week the Prince presided at the fourth annual meeting of the Royal College of Music, which was held at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess, together with their sons, visited the Queen at Windsor Castle, and after lunching with her Majesty, they returned to town. In the evening, the Prince and Princess were present at a State concert given at Buckingham Palace. The King of the Hellenes, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Sparta left Marlborough House last Saturday afternoon for Sandringham. The Prince of Wales received his Excellency Nubar Pasha at Marlborough House. His Royal Highness received likewise at St. James's Palace, previous to the Levée on Saturday, several members of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, United States of America. After shaking hands with each of them, the Prince of Wales expressed to them the pleasure it afforded him to receive them in this country as the guests of the Hon. Artillery Company of London. They were subsequently formally presented at the Levée held by command of the Queen at St. James's Palace. On Monday the King of the Hellenes, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Sparta returned to Marlborough House from Sandringham. The King of the Hellenes, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, Princesses Louise and Victoria, and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Sparta went to the Earl and Countess of Zetland's ball at their residence in Arlington-street. The Prince of Wales, the King of Greece, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Sparta were present at the first performance of "Theodora" at the French plays, Lyceum Theatre. On Tuesday, the Prince of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and accompanied by the King of the Hellenes and the Duke of Sparta, visited Wimbledon, and witnessed the finish of the shooting for the Queen's Prize, which was won by Lieutenant Warren, 1st Middlesex. The Prince affixed the badge to the breast of the winner, who was afterwards entertained at dinner by Lord Wantage, the above-named illustrious visitors, with the Princess of Wales and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, being at the dinner, to which were also invited several former winners of the Queen's Prize now in camp. The Prince and Princess of Wales had an evening party at Marlborough House on Thursday.—Prince Albert Victor on Saturday laid the first stone of the new buildings of Bancroft's School, to which the Drapers' Company have contributed the sum of £5000.

On Thursday week the German Crown Prince paid a visit to the Throat Hospital, Golden-square; and, on passing through the wards, his Imperial Highness addressed a few words to each patient, making particular inquiries as to the form of disease from which each was suffering. The Crown Prince visited the Lyceum yesterday week to witness the performance of "Faust."

The Duchess of Cambridge will enter on her ninety-first year next Monday.

Mr. Greaves, the Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire, it is stated, will in future pay all the tithes due by his tenantry.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Government has made a judicious change of front with regard to the Irish Land Bill. The timely and reasonable revision of this measure on the lines recommended last week by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's amendment, and in the speeches of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill, has been the Parliamentary event of the week. Lord Salisbury palpably had the great majority of the Conservative Party with him when on Tuesday he announced these concessions to the important meeting of his supporters at the Carlton Club. In view of the conclusion in favour of a reduction of rents come to by Lord Cowper's Commission, the only wonder is that the Government did not at the outset in this ameliorative measure empower the Irish Land Commission, as the Prime Minister now proposes, to make the requisite reductions in cases where the value of the holdings have manifestly considerably decreased. As the noble Marquis explained at the Carlton, these reductions of rent would be only made for a year or two in order to bridge "over the period prior to the introduction of a Land Purchase Bill." Lord Salisbury appears to have candidly admitted that the Ministry had decided to meet the views of the Liberal Unionist leaders in order to keep Mr. Gladstone from returning to power. To maintain the Ministerial majority in the Commons, the Premier also drops the Bankruptcy clauses, and further relieves Irish leaseholders, and modifies the Bill generally. These alterations seem to have afforded satisfaction to the Liberal Unionist chiefs, the imprimatur of Devonshire House having been given to the Carlton Club amendments on Tuesday evening.

The Government experienced no difficulty in rapidly passing the companion Irish measure, the Repression of Crime Bill, through the House of Lords. Lord Granville, Earl Spencer, and Lord Rosebery mainly devoted themselves to flank firing against those determined Liberal Unionist Peers—Lord Selborne, the Duke of Argyll, and the Earl of Northbrook, and to formal denials of the necessity of the "Coercion" measure, which the Marquis of Salisbury and the Lord Chancellor, on the other hand, justified with energy on the grounds of increased power being absolutely required by the Lord Lieutenant to cope with "Boycotting," the "Plan of Campaign," and "Moonlighting." Read the third time and passed on Monday, the Bill received Royal sanction on Tuesday; the Royal Commissioners, attired in their cumbersome, old-world scarlet robes and three-cornered hats, being Lord Halsbury, the Earl of Kintore, and Lord Coventry. It was suggestive, to say the least, that the ancient Norman-French formula of "La Reine le veult" should immediately after have been repeated by the clerk to signify her Majesty's approval of a cluster of local measures, the majority of which had much better have been settled by county assemblies, with an immense saving of time and money, than by consuming what should be the precious time of the Imperial Parliament.

The legislative zeal of noble Lords—when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful!—has been further exemplified by the friendly co-operation of legal Peers in the consideration and passing of Lord Halsbury's Land Transfer Bill; in their deliberations, on Tuesday, in Committee on Lord Hobhouse's Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill; and in their advancing a stage the Marquis of Lothian's Scottish Valuation of Land Amendment Bill, and the Earl of Milltown's commendable Legitimacy Declaration Act Amendment Bill. It should also be mentioned that their Lordships have recently had their illustrious ranks recruited by substantial Mr. Selater Booth as Lord Basing, by stately and trumpet-voiced Sir James McGarel-Hogg as Lord Magheramore, and by Sir John St. Aubyn as Lord St. Levan.

Ministerialists have naturally felt some satisfaction at the continued fidelity of Basingstoke, Hornsey, and Brixton to the Conservative cause, though the results of the elections at these places do not affect the balance of parties, as the Liberal successes at Spalding and Coventry did. Gladstonian Liberals, on their side, have found comfort in the diminished majorities which, it was declared on Tuesday, returned Mr. A. Jeffreys in preference to Mr. Richard Eve for Basingstoke, and chose Lord Carmarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, in lieu of Mr. James Hill, for Brixton. Hornsey, on the other hand, in electing Mr. H. C. Stephens, an ink manufacturer, by the augmented majority of 1988 over Mr. Horatio Bottomley, reassured the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, who, between them, yet hold the reins of power.

Mr. Gladstone, entertained at dinner last Saturday by the Scottish members at the National Liberal Club, reiterated his earnest desire for a settlement of the Irish Question that would not impair the unity of the Empire and would yet meet the views of the Irish people. The right hon. gentleman also thought it but just that Scottish members should wish to have pending Scottish questions dealt with in accordance with Scottish ideas. The hint Mr. Gladstone threw out that a Conservative Government might, after all, co-operate with Mr. Parnell in establishing Home Rule in Ireland may yet be prophetic. The all-absorbing theme of Ireland engrossed Mr. Gladstone also in the after-dinner speech he made at the residence of Mr. Bryce, M.P., on Tuesday, when he found great encouragement in the issues of the Spalding and Coventry elections. The ex-Premier's steadfast lieutenants, Earl Granville, Lord Rosebery, and Sir William Harcourt, exerted themselves on Monday by speech and action to promote the interests of the Home Counties Division of the National Liberal Federation; and—wonders will never cease!—Mr. Parnell has since been entertained at dinner by a party of Liberal members.

Dr. Tanner's escapade led to a lively discussion in the House of Commons on Monday, Mr. Walter Long bringing before the Speaker the alleged breach of privilege committed by Dr. Tanner, the perfervid Home Ruler, in addressing very sultry language to him in the lobby on the previous Friday evening. Mr. W. H. Smith was in favour at first of immediately suspending Dr. Tanner for a month. But wiser counsel prevailed. Mr. Gladstone having supported the appeal of Mr. Sexton, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Childers that the excitable member for Mid-Cork should be heard, Mr. Smith consented to the adjournment of the matter, but moved that Dr. Tanner should attend the House on Thursday. Disagreeing with Mr. George Howell, the Speaker maintained that what was sauce for Dr. Tanner could not be held to be sauce for Alderman Sir Robert Fowler, accused of having offended against Parliamentary manners in a similar way earlier in the Session. Lord Randolph Churchill on the same evening had an opportunity of posing as an Admiralty economist before Lord George Hamilton could secure his votes. The Attorney-General's decision to remove the trial of the Welsh Tithe rioters to London led to a lively protest on Tuesday, Mr. T. Ellis's motion for the adjournment being only negatived by a majority of 69. More votes were obtained in Committee of Supply. It is questionable whether the Technical Education Bill introduced by Sir W. Hart-Dyke would bring about the desired result. With the cobwebs blown out of their brains by the sea-breezes of the Solent at the Naval Review, Lords and Commons may be expected to make short work of the remaining legislation of this "margarine" session, as Sir William Harcourt designates it.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Illustrations of many of the iron-clad war-ships of the British Fleet, to be assembled this day at Spithead for the grand Naval Review by her Majesty, are given in another part of this publication. The arrangements for the Naval Review were described in our last, accompanied by the Admiralty Plan. The whole fleet will remain at anchor, in the allotted positions, until Monday morning, when the several squadrons and flotillas will depart for their appointed stations on different parts of the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. One division of the big ships will cruise between Dungeness and Scilly; another, from Portland to Scilly; a third, between Scilly and Berehaven, on the south-west coast of Ireland; a fourth, along the west coast of Ireland, from Berehaven to Blacksod Bay; and a fifth, on the north coast of Ireland, from Blacksod Bay to Lough Swilly. The gun-boat flotillas will be stationed, the first in the Straits of Dover, with its head-quarters in the Downs, as if to protect the entrance to the Thames and Sheerness; the second at Milford Haven, to protect the Bristol Channel; the third at Holyhead, for defending the approach to the Mersey; the fourth at Belfast, to guard the Irish Sea and the approach to the Clyde; and the last flotilla, in the Firth of Forth. The coasts and vicinities of the several ports will be patrolled, all precautions being observed as in time of war until noon on Aug. 1, when supposed offensive operations will commence, comprising the attack of the coasts, commercial ports, and commerce. Hostile squadrons will be supposed trying to enter the Straits of Dover, the Bristol Channel, the St. George's Channel, and to pass through the North Channel, and defensive operations to frustrate these attempts will be carried out. Operations will cease on Aug. 7, when the squadrons of large ships will return to Portland and to Spithead to coal, all precautions necessary for their protection against the attack of hostile torpedo-boats being taken on arrival. The flotilla in the Irish Channel will return to Plymouth, and that from the Straits of Dover to Portsmouth.

Two of the ships represented in our Illustrations, H.M.S. Ajax and H.M.S. Devastation, unluckily came into collision with each other on Tuesday, and sustained injuries necessitating immediate repairs at Portsmouth Dockyard.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.

The Queen's Prize, with gold medal, champion badge, and £250, has been won this year by Lieutenant R. O. Warren, of the 1st Middlesex (Victoria) Rifles. He made 84 points in the first stage, 107 in the second, and in the third, 41 at the 800 yds. range, and 42 at the 900 yds.—total, 274. The next to him was Sergeant Hill, 5th Lanark, winning the £60 prize with 268 points; the £40 prize was won by Private D. Bain, 5th Durham, with 266; and two lesser prizes by Lance-Corporal Pollard, 1st Herts, with 265, and Corporal Parry, 2nd Cheshire, with 262 points. At the shooting in third stage, on Tuesday, the Prince of Wales and his two sons, with the King of Greece and his son, were among the spectators. The Princess of Wales and her daughters arrived in the afternoon. The Duke of Cambridge was also there, and inspected the camps of the Indian and Canadian and Channel Island contingents, to whom he made a brief speech. Their Royal Highnesses, with the King of Greece, were entertained by Lord and Lady Wantage with a banquet, in a marquee attached to the Cottage.

The first stage of the competition for the Albert Prize, on Tuesday, was won by Captain Gibbs, 2nd Gloucester Engineers, making 118 points; but this score was equalled by Lieutenant Stewart Oxley, 2nd Royal Sussex. On Monday, the chief event was the shooting for the National Challenge Trophy. A close contest took place, the result being that England won with a total of 1724 points, or 8 above the highest score of last year. Scotland was second with 1713, Ireland third with 1655, and Wales last with 1635. The competition next in interest was for the Mullens' Prize, open to teams of six from any regiment. The shooting is at moving targets representing men, and at unknown distances between 100 and 500 yards. This was won by the 1st Berks team, with a score of 42, the 5th Lancashire being second, with 35. This is the fifth year in succession that the Berkshire men have won this prize.

Among the matches decided in the latter days of last week, it may be mentioned that for the St. George's Vase and Dragon Cup, five competitors made the highest possible score of 35, and the tie shots left Lieutenant Hole, 2nd Somerset, the winner. The remaining four competitors tied a second time, and would have to shoot off again. Last year, there was but one highest possible, and 112 scores of 30 were counted out of the prize-list, against 115 of 31 this year. The silver medal, for the second stage of shooting for the Queen's Prize, was won on Saturday by Armourer-Sergeant Hill, 5th Lanark; and the bronze medal, by Private Gardiner, 1st Cumberland. In the Lords and Commons match, the Commons won by 79 points.

The prizes will be distributed by the Duchess of Albany at six o'clock this (Saturday) evening.

THE VOLUNTEER MEDICAL STAFF.

At the Queen's Jubilee Review, at Aldershot, on the 9th inst., notice was taken of one of the latest features of Volunteer organisation—viz., a couple of divisions of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, in their neat blue distinctive uniforms, with the Geneva Cross. These are mainly surgeons and students of the London hospitals, and the necessity for such an organisation was abundantly proved during the day, as men fell out of the ranks from fatigue or sunstroke. On Saturday last, in the grounds of Lambeth Palace, there was an inspection of the Volunteer Medical Staff, who performed the manoeuvres of taking up and bandaging men supposed to be wounded, as shown in our Illustration.

Westminster Abbey will be reopened for Divine service on Sunday, the 31st inst., and on and after the following day visitors will be admitted under the usual regulations.—The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, will be closed after Sunday next until further orders.

A View of the fine new Townhall at Barrow-in-Furness, opened last week by Lord Hartington, is presented in this number of our Journal, with a Portrait of the Mayor, Mr. Benjamin Townson, from photographs by Mr. Price Howell, of Barrow-in-Furness. The procession, comprising a lively representation of the iron, steel, and engineering manufactures of that town, was a well-arranged and effective spectacle. Lord Hartington is chairman of three important local companies.

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ART NOTES.

It is very natural that the Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy (Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A.) should find in the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition materials for a review of "Fifty Years of British Art." During that period many artists, even Royal Academicians, have made and lost their reputation. Of those who exhibited in 1837 two, Sydney Cooper and J. R. Herbert, alone survive; and to realise the influence they once exercised upon public opinion, we must place ourselves at the standpoint of contemporary critics. Amongst such, Thackeray's recently reprinted papers are happily available. The most striking characteristic of the art of those days, as Mr. Hodgson truly says, was its complete insularity; but he ignores, we think, Turner's indebtedness to Claude and exaggerates the "Venetian sublimity" of Mr. P. Falconer Poole. Here and there it would be easy to pick out views which we feel unable to accept or endorse; but this little hand-book will, nevertheless, be found profitable reading for all who have seen, or propose to see, the wonderful, and perhaps, most complete, collection of modern pictures ever brought together. Here every taste in pictures may be gratified and the wide range of the painter's ideal shown as it never has been before in this country. Mr. Hodgson has selected for his pamphlet an admirable motto, culled from Mr. Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes":—

One may do what'er one likes
In art; the only thing is, to make sure
That one does like it—which takes brains to know.

We should have been better pleased if Mr. Hodgson had been a little more sparing of the praise which he lavishes upon his living brethren of the Academy, and we regret that he thinks it necessary to speak slightly of some of those of his contemporaries whom the Royal Academy has so unjustly slighted. It is, too, scarcely pardonable in a professor of painting to be ignorant of the proper spelling of the names, at least, of the masters of French art.

The exhibition of Hispano-Moresque and majolica pottery at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club, to which we referred at length some time since, is now made doubly interesting by the publication of an excellent catalogue. Its compilation gives evidence of great care and of much research, and the volume cannot fail to become a precious text-book for collectors of these wares. We are glad to find that the editors of the catalogue admit that no example of the so-called Hispano-Moresque ware now extant can be assigned authoritatively to the period when the Moors were living under Christian rule in Spain; and they regard the distinction between the so-called fabrics of Valencia, Malaga, &c., as purely arbitrary. The history of majolica stands upon firmer ground. Its most interesting specimens were produced in or around the Duchy of Urbino, between 1480-1525, whilst the most artistic pieces belong to the succeeding half-century.

We have no sympathy with the art of which M. de Suchorowski's "Vision of Love," now on view (160, New Bond-street), is a specimen. It would, however, be unfair to the artist to ignore the very remarkable technical skill he displays. The marvellous rendering of tapestry, embroidery, fur, and velvet, with which the chamber is richly furnished, may be only a trick; but it is a trick of which few artists know the secret. In other respects, the picture is without merit or interest; and one's feeling is one of regret that skill so undeniable should be expended on art so contemptible. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that the adroit arrangement of light enhances the picture in a manner which would be unattainable in a private gallery; and, consequently, it is not unfair to conclude that M. De Suchorowski has deliberately devoted his time and talents to a work only destined for the camera obscura.

The story of Mr. Harry Furniss's artistic joke "How He Did It" (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) is well told by his lay figure; and the perusal of this pleasant *jeu d'esprit* will, if possible, add to the enjoyment of both the exhibition and its catalogue. We may here follow, at a reasonable distance, the artist's career from the day when, at the age of seven, he turned the house-painters' ladders and colours to practical use. This second "squib," like the catalogue to which it is a sort of necessary guide or supplement, is full of capital illustrations—many of them reproducing with greater accuracy the pictures on the walls than did the original mystification. It abounds, too, with pleasant, sparkling bits of verse, for which, we presume, Mr. Milliken must, as in the original catalogue, be held responsible. It is only fair to add, for the guidance of the unwary visitors to the pleasant little Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street), that to fully enjoy Mr. Harry Furniss's artistic joke, they must now disburse three shillings; by doing this they will add much to their own and Mr. Furniss's enjoyment of it.

A memorial to the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti was unveiled on Thursday week at Cheyne-walk.

The Court of Common Council have decided to erect a new City of London Court, at a cost not exceeding £16,000.

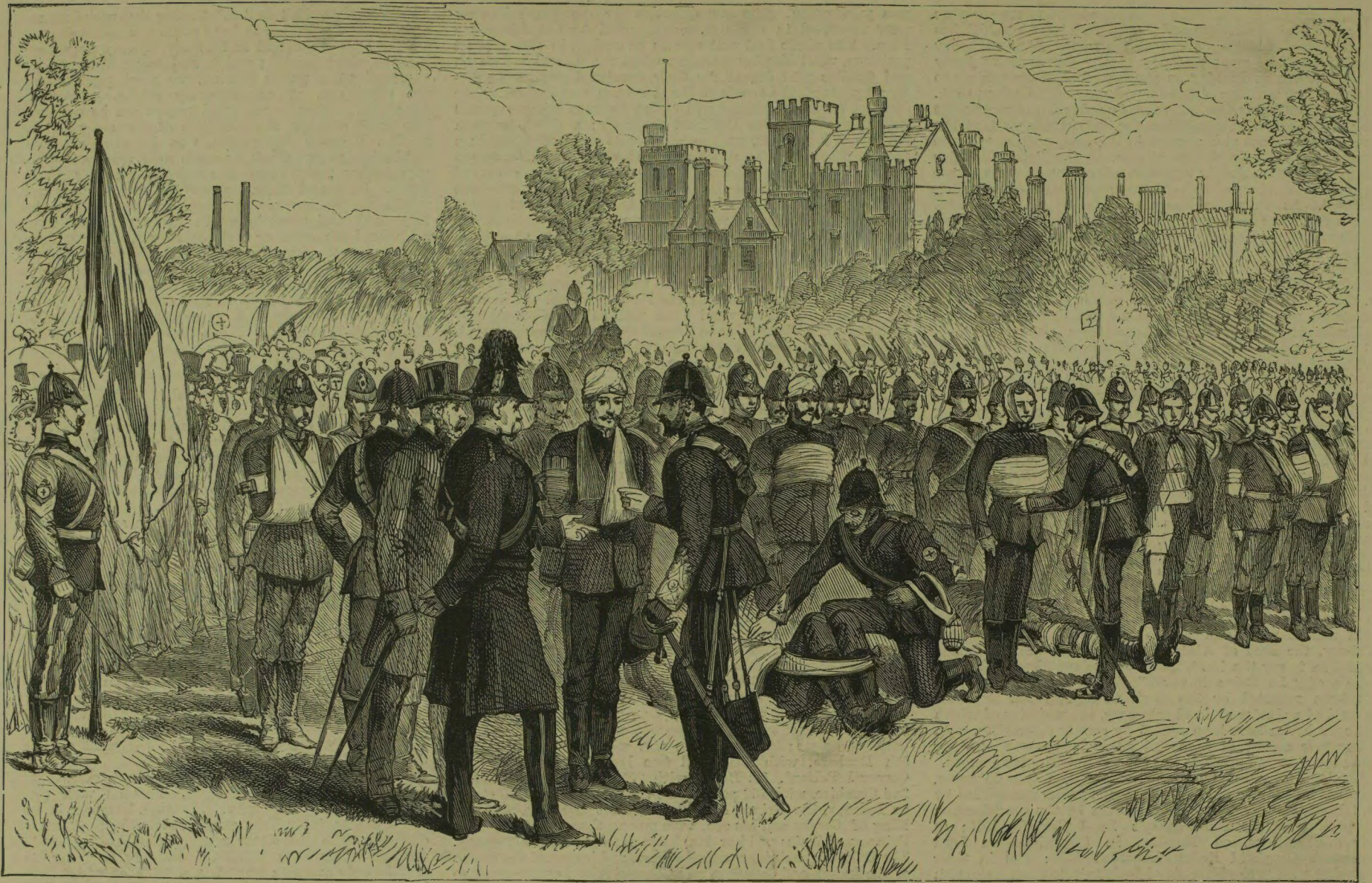
The Rev. Dr. Edgill, the Chaplain-General of the Forces, in consideration of the importance of his present work in the Army, has declined the Bishopric of Nova Scotia.

Yesterday week the Duke of Connaught, as Provincial Grand Master of Sussex, consecrated a new Masonic lodge at Brighton, to be known as the Earl of Sussex.

Mr. Gladstone has promised to preside at one of the meetings of the National Eisteddfod of Wales, to be held at the Royal Albert Hall during the second week in August.

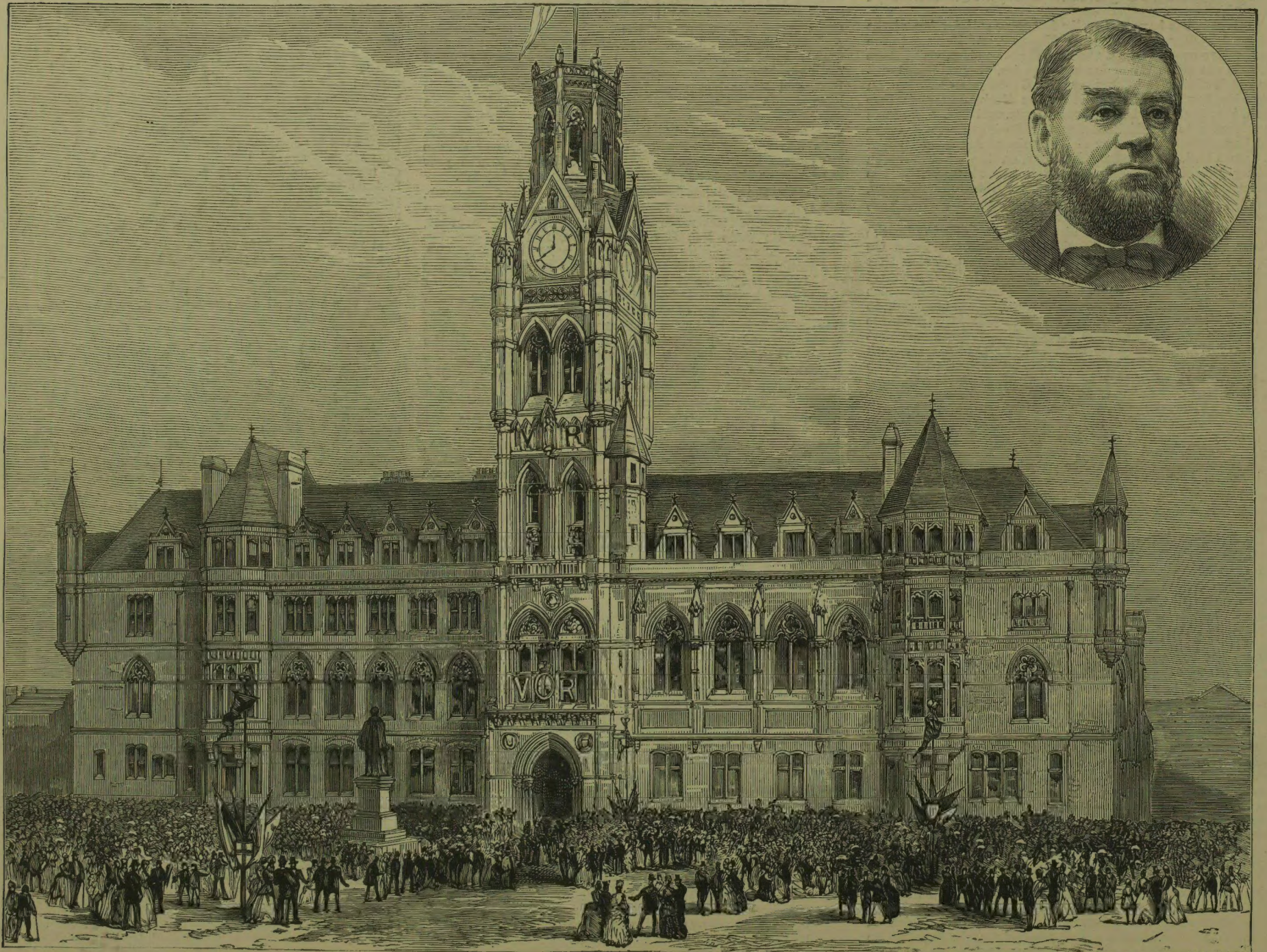
A return has been issued to Parliament of the number of outrages in the Metropolitan Police District committed by burglars carrying firearms during the nine years ending Dec. 31, 1886. It would appear that in this period two policemen were fatally wounded by burglars, thirteen were wounded more or less seriously, five private persons were shot at or wounded, and eighteen burglars escaped arrest by the use of firearms. On fourteen burglars firearms were found when arrested. The number of police wounded by burglars carrying weapons other than firearms during the same period was eleven, and the number of private persons, nine. On twenty-one burglars arrested weapons other than firearms were found, and the same number escaped arrest by the use of weapons.

The Registrar-General states that 2577 births and 1774 deaths were registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 119 below, while the deaths exceeded by 62, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 65 from measles, 23 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 87 from whooping-cough, 5 from enteric fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 312 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 14 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. The fatal cases of whooping-cough were 32 above the corrected average. The deaths attributed to diarrhoea and dysentery exceeded the corrected average by 72; they included 265 of infants under one year of age. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 199 and 189 in the two preceding weeks, further declined last week to 188, and were 17 below the corrected average.



INSPECTION OF VOLUNTEER MEDICAL STAFF CORPS IN THE GROUNDS OF LAMBETH PALACE.

MR. BENJAMIN TOWNSON, MAYOR OF BARROW.



NEW TOWNHALL AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS, NORTH LANCASHIRE.



A MOORLAND STREAM.

A MOORLAND STREAM.

In hot and dry summer weather, and when the glaring light of noonday on a sea-beach may be fatiguing to the tired eyes and jaded brains of townsmen seeking holiday repose, some will prefer to take refuge on the breezy moorlands of the North, or Derbyshire, or the West of England, "far from the madding crowd," well out of the way of their fellow-Londoners, in solitude untroubled by worldly cares. In many a lonely spot, where the hills are adorned with the gold and purple of gorse and heather, or with pale blue harebells springing up among the wiry grass, one may sit all day in the glen, beside a nameless stream brawling over its bed of pebbles, and listen to the music of its water, or to the hum of harmless insects, watching the minnows in a crystal pool, or examining the ferns and sedges, and the beautiful mosses and lichens on the huge granite boulder that guards the sequestered retreat. Quiet is there, a brief pause and respite in the busy course of social life, an opportunity for calm and gentle thought, with a breathing of the freshest and sweetest air, and with a sense of the power of Nature to do good to the trusting spirit. These healing and strengthening influences are found in the uplands of our country, with less risk of disturbance than at frequented seaside resorts; and there is safety in the rustic accommodation of the village inn, grateful to a visitor who has walked ten miles

since breakfast, meeting only the shepherd and the farmer, or Wordsworth's "pedlar," with whom he discoursed on the road. Try the English moors! we would say to many a summer tourist who is deterred from a repetition of foreign travels by dread of the long Continental railway journeys and of the crowded Swiss or German hotels. Rest of mind, health of body, and surely enough change of scenery from that of the metropolis, can be gained among the hills of our native land.

TOWNHALL, BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

The new Townhall of this rising town, which increases rapidly in prosperity and importance as the seat of great iron and steel manufactures, was opened by the Marquis of Hartington, for his father the Duke of Devonshire, on Thursday week. The building is of Gothic architecture, and is shown in our illustration. It has been constructed by Messrs. Short and Devlin, of Glasgow, from the design of Mr. W. J. Lynn, of Belfast, which was the design chosen by the Corporation in an open competitive trial; but the top part of the tower is altered from the original design, and does not harmonise with the whole building in the manner the original would have done. It is, nevertheless, an edifice of imposing aspect, the tower in the centre being 170 ft. high, while the building has a frontage of 240 ft. The site chosen for it is in the main

street and in the business quarter of the town. Apart from its highly decorative finish, the building has a very attractive appearance from the local red sandstone with which it is built. The wings comprise the official department at one end, and the Free Library and Museum at the other; while the Municipal department occupies the central and upper parts of the building. On the sides of the entrance archway, under the tower, are carved the arms of the county and the borough; over the two upper windows are the arms of the Dukes of Devonshire and Buccleuch; and higher up, in a niche in the centre of the tower, is a statue of the Queen. The top of the tower is octagonal, and each angle is terminated with an emblematical ram holding a shield. On the four panels under the council chamber allegorical representations of the trade and industry of the town are to be sculptured at some future time; immediately underneath are shields with the coat-of-arms of all the past Mayors of the borough. The clock at the summit has been supplied by Messrs. Gillett and Co., Croydon, at a total cost of £913. It is a fine specimen of workmanship. The face is 12 ft. diameter, of which there are four, the dials being in skeleton cast iron, and glazed with opal glass. This clock strikes the hours on a bell weighing 20 cwt., and chimes the Westminster quarters on four other bells, the whole of which are very sweet and sonorous in tone. The total cost of the Townhall building is close on £60,000.

SANDWICH THE SILENT.

The recent visit of the Huguenot Society to Sandwich serves to remind us of the wealth of antiquarian associations which still remains to that quaintest of Kentish towns. When, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the flight of the Protestants from the Low Countries, which had long been gradual, became general, a large colony of Flemings settled at Sandwich. By command of Queen Elizabeth the foreigners were hospitably received by the Mayor, jurats, and commonalty of the burgh. With considerable shrewdness the Queen recommended that they should have liberty to settle in the town, on the ground that they would greatly benefit it by "plantynge in the same men of knowledge in sundry handycrafts"—particularly, as her Majesty went on, "the makinge of says, bays, and other cloth, which hath not been used to be made in this our realme of England." Sandwich had then a famous past. But for more than half a century it had been at a very low ebb in its fortunes. The Stour had already become choked with silt, and the navigation, which was afterwards entirely stopped, was so much impeded that from one of the most important of the Cinque Ports, the town had fallen into decay, and the inhabitants had been reduced to poverty. The antipathy against foreigners which had sprung up in the reign of Henry VIII. still ran so high that there were strong objections to encouraging foreign settlements nearer London. The memories of "Evil May Day" were still fresh in the recollections of the people, and the fear of a similar outbreak was doubtless not without its weight with the Government. The choice of a decayed community such as Sandwich for such a purpose was, therefore, very judicious, and the experiment was quickly crowned with success. The town sprang at once into a place of such curious importance that it was, a few years later, the scene of a Royal progress—an honour which had not been accorded to it since it had ceased to be a fashionable port.

The house in which Queen Elizabeth stayed is still standing, and so, too, are many of the quaint Flemish houses which the refugees had built to live in, or for the purpose of carrying on their various trades. It is easy to understand what a novel spectacle the busy bay makers and bay weavers, the wool-combers, the linsey-wolsey weavers, and the fullers must have presented to English eyes, and we can well believe that they worked their hardest. During the Queen's visit, in honour of the occasion, a hundred children were set to work to spin fine bag yarn, "a thing well liked both of her Majesty and of the nobility and ladies," on a scaffold erected in the school-house yard. Cloth-making was, moreover, by no means the only industry brought in by the Walloons. There were potters from Delft, who introduced the pottery manufacture, and to this day many a bit of quaint earthenware can be seen in the old farm-houses round Sandwich. The writer possesses part of a Dutch dinner-service which doubtless dates back to Elizabeth's time, and was in all probability manufactured here by the refugee potters. There were, also, millers, who erected the first windmills near the town. There were smiths, brewers, hat-makers, carpenters, and shipwrights. There were, too, gardeners. The Flemings had long been famous as horticulturists. Queen Katharine, for instance, had salads sent over from the Low Countries, and, except in the gardens of the monasteries, scarcely any attempt was then made to grow vegetables in England. There is, then, nothing singular in the fact that such delicacies as cabbages, carrots, and celery, raised at Sandwich by the Flemish gardeners, found a ready sale in London. Nor is it surprising to find that a little later many of the gardeners migrated to Wandsworth, Battersea, and Bermondsey, where some of the gardens they first laid out are fruitful to this day. There is some ground for believing that the Walloons of Artois brought the hop into Kent. Reginald Scot, who wrote "The Perfitte Platforme of a Hoppe Garden," speaks of "the trade of the Flemminge"—that is, his method of culture, and his "ostes at Poppering," as "a profytable patterne, and a necessarie instruction for as manie as shall have to doe therein." From which it seems to be clear that the crop was given a great impetus at this time, although it was cultivated in England as early as 1524, and was made the subject of statutory protection in 1552. Probably the Flemings introduced the redbines, an invaluable kind, since they are less liable to blight.

It is not surprising that the little colony at Sandwich, with its diversity of handicrafts and industries, should have quickly become prosperous. Their numbers, too, greatly increased, notwithstanding the rival settlements at Winchelsea, at Harwich, at Dover, at Canterbury. In 1582 there were nearly 400 Flemish householders at Sandwich. The whole character of the town was changed. The buildings which arose on all sides were of a Flemish type. Many of these are still standing, and give the place that quaint old-world look, which is heightened by the prevailing silence of the almost deserted streets. Here, indeed, time seems to have stood, to be still standing, still. It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the prosperity brought by the settlers, the townspeople should have grown jealous of their success. But that this is the case is shown by a memorial, one of many of the date, preserved amongst the town records, in which the Flemings petitioned the Queen to relieve them of certain special local taxes which had been imposed upon them. These, the memorial declares, "are suche that, by means of their chardges, they should finally be secluded and hindered from the hability of those manifolde and necessary contributions which yet in this our exile are practised amongst us, as well towards the maintenance of the ministry of God's Word, as lykewise in the sustentation of our poor, besydes the chardges first above rehearsed; performinge therefore our foresayde humble petition, we shall be the more moved to direct our warmest prayers to our mercifull God, that of His heavenly grace He will beatify your commonweall more and more, grauntynge to ytt His spiritual and temporal blessyns which He graciously poureth upon them that shewe favour and consolation to the poore afflicted strangers." This, it is interesting to know, was successful. The taxes were remitted on the immediate intercession of the Queen. There were few markets so famous as those held twice a week at Sandwich for the sale of the wares of the Flemings. They were long regularly attended by London merchants. Regarded as a survival, it is not a little curious that, in the all-pervading decadence which has overtaken the town, its reputation as a market town should still survive. On market days Sandwich the Silent still wakes up into a fitful semblance of activity. A stranger, it is true, might not realise that this was the busiest day in the week. Grass grows luxuriantly in the market-place itself. But the silence, which is so profound that it can almost be felt, is on other days unbroken from sunrise to sunset:—

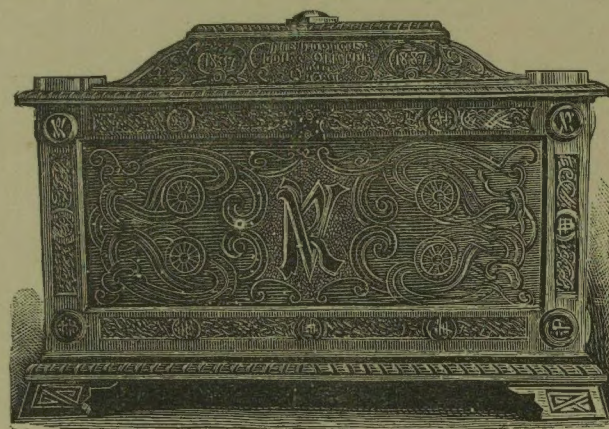
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were ordered ages since.

We can add little here as to the antiquities of the town—Roman, Saxon, Norman, Walloon. In Richborough Castle, the Roman Rutupia, we have one of the finest surviving examples of a Roman fortress. There is reason to believe that Lambard, who wrote his "Perambulation of Kent" in 1570, was right in his conjecture that here was once a British city, although it is

certainly doubtful whether Ethelbert ever had a palace there. Of the period during which Sandwich—then also known as Lundenwic—was the outport of London, there are few vestiges remaining above ground. The repeated incursions of the Danes, under Sweyn and Canute, left little behind them to tell the tale. But it should be said that Sandwich retained its renown as a port down to the middle of the fifteenth century. It was from Sandwich that Thomas à Becket fled the country, and through Sandwich that he returned in triumph. It was at Sandwich that Richard I. landed, on his release by the Emperor Henry VI., in 1194. Sandwich, too, was the port at which Edward III. embarked more than once for France and Flanders. But the prominence of the port was by no means an unmixed good. Louis of France, for instance, besieged and burnt the town during his war with John; and in the time of Henry VI. Peter Brice, Steward of Normandy, landed here, and wasted the town with fire and sword so ruthlessly that it never really recovered this devastation. The remains of the old fortifications serve as a memorial of the successful defence of the town by Falconbridge against Edward IV., but it would be difficult to determine the date of those parts of the walls which still remain. They have clearly been patched at various epochs. But the churches of St. Clement and St. Peter, which date at least back as far as the time of Stephen and John; the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, which was founded in the reign of Richard II., with its fine Early English chapel and quaint old cottages, now the *beau idéal* of almshouses, are rich in records of the past. The grammar school, too, which was founded by Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1563, is a memorial of the time when the town was entering upon the new era of prosperity, brought by the Walloon refugees. And so, too, are the quaint old Flemish houses, especially those in the market-place, and their Elizabethan counterparts.

IRISH LADIES' QUEEN'S JUBILEE ADDRESS.

We give an Illustration of the casket containing the signatures of 150,000 loyal Irish ladies, who joined the Women's



JUBILEE CASKET, CONTAINING 150,000 SIGNATURES OF LOYAL IRISH LADIES.

Jubilee movement under the auspices of the Irish Association for Promoting the Training and Employment of Women. The keys of this casket were presented to her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, by her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French National Fête was celebrated in Paris and the provinces with great éclat. President Grévy attended the review at Longchamps, and was received with cheers, although there was some hissing.—In the Chamber, on Monday, the Bill for the experimental mobilisation of an Army Corps was passed by 329 to 118 votes.—Pranzini was last week found guilty of the triple murder in the Rue Montaigne, Paris, and sentenced to death.

The King and Queen of Italy left Rome on Friday night last week for Siena, where they met with a most enthusiastic reception. On Tuesday the Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Naples, arrived at Naples from Siena; and on Thursday the King proceeded to Leghorn for the great naval review there.

On Monday the German Emperor left Mainau for Gastein, on his way conferring with the Prince Regent of Bavaria at Bregenz. His Majesty was received at Gastein by Count Thun in the name of Kaiser Franz Josef.—Herr Alfred Krupp, the proprietor of the celebrated steel-works and gun-foundry, died on the 14th inst., at his villa near Essen.

Sir H. D. Wolff has left Constantinople on his return to England.

Mr. Hill, vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange, died yesterday week of heart disease, immediately after announcing the death of a member.—The sentence passed on Jacob Sharp, convicted in the Broadway Railway case of bribing the New York Board of Aldermen, is four years' imprisonment and a fine of 5000 dols.

A railway collision between an excursion-train and a goods-train partly laden with petroleum occurred at St. Thomas, Ontario, on the 15th inst., fourteen persons being killed and more than 100 injured. The petroleum became ignited, and afterwards an oil tank exploded, killing several persons and injuring others.—Dr. Seghers, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Victoria, while engaged in founding missions on the Yukon River, at Alaska, was murdered on Nov. 28 last by one of the brothers of the mission, who was suffering from mental derangement.

The New South Wales Parliament was prorogued on the 13th inst. by Lord Carrington, the Governor, who in his speech on the occasion enumerated the work of the past Session, including the passing of the Bill for the appropriation of £200,000, for the formation of a central park, and for the erection of a State House in commemoration of the approaching centenary of the foundation of the colony. His Excellency expressed his deep satisfaction at the decided and steady improvement in the condition of the public revenue, which showed an increase of over £400,000 on the returns of the year ending in June, while the returns for the present month showed no abatement. The Governor then referred to the undoubted signs of returning prosperity, and concluded as follows:—"With confidence restored, we may look for more activity in the investment of capital, and a consequent opening of fresh fields of remunerative employment."

Princess Frederica, who was accompanied by Baron von Paul Rammigen, on Tuesday laid the foundation-stone of a new tower and spire at St. Paul's Church, East Moulsey. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Winchester.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The spread of education has not at present given much tone or flip to what is known as "popular drama." A quarter of a century ago, such plays as the "Shadows of a Great City" would not have been heard of at a West-End theatre, but would have been sneered at as "transpontine," and recommended to the attention of Mr. Nelson Lee, at the City of London, or Mr. Lane, at the Britannia Saloon, Hoxton. The advent of the Board school, instead of making cheap audiences familiar with the classic and poetic drama, instead of popularising Shakspeare, and doing something for the literature of the stage, has merely brought East-End drama to the West, and made huge fortunes out of plays that, in the old days, Mr. J. B. Johnstone, Mr. Travers, Mr. Frampton, or Mr. Fenton would have written for the lordly sum of one pound an act as the outside figure of remuneration. America has recently discovered how uncommonly easily the British public is amused, and has been sharp enough to send over here as a first-class article the once-despised "Bowery play." Miss Grace Hawthorne, an American lady, has started what she calls her "preliminary season" with a violently coloured drama, in which that excellent actor, Joseph Jefferson, has had a hand. There is little trace of his delicate, artistic touch in this crude composition; but his stage experience has, no doubt, enabled him to patch and piece together a series of scenes illustrative of low life in New York and its environs. The interior of an American pawn-shop, the interior and exterior of an American prison, an escape of convicts in their hideously-striped prison clothes, a fight for life, and the rescue of an interesting baby at "Hell-gate" rocks, the gallant enterprise of a burly sailor, and the incarceration of a lovely heroine in a fireproof safe, are the principal ingredients in this flashy mixture of things new and old, extravagant and improbable, in connection with melodramatic surprise and situation. Such a play is not to be viewed seriously. It suits the hot weather, when reflection is tedious, and is accepted as both strange and wonderful by the gaping, wide-mouthed country cousins and honest yokels who crowd to London during the excursion-train season. The better part of them have seen little better than "Maria Martin; or, the Murder in the Red Barn," performed by strolling players in a "fit-up;" so they accept with perfect good faith the sailor sent to prison on a false charge, and the sailor's bride gagged, chloroformed, and flung into a safe, to be rescued inadvertently by a comic burglar. Such plays as these have as much to do with art as the penny panoramas sold in the streets on Lord Mayor's Day. The colour is dabbed on just as carelessly, the draughtsmanship is as incorrect. They are showy, and they attract the children, and of children of a larger growth is the greater portion of the modern theatrical audience composed. They are successes of the scene-painter and the stage-carpenter, of the property-master and the lime-light man. The art of acting is wholly subsidiary to escapes from prison-cells and to plunges into pasteboard waves. The athlete who can swarm up a lamp-post on the stage, is relatively far more important than a sucking David Garrick or a future Kean.

Of a truth the actor and actress suffer considerably in the respect that is due to them by this class of work. Mr. J. H. Barnes has played Macbeth, and by no means badly. He is at present burning to distinguish himself in a classic play, and to rival the laurels of John McCullough. It must be painful, therefore, to the self-esteem of this worthy gentleman to appear on the stage of a London theatre as a striped convict cuddling a baby in arms. However, Kean played Othello and Harlequin almost in one breath, so why should not Mr. Barnes alternate Macbeth and Virginius with the nautical convict in the striped football costume of an American prisoner? "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give," and it is to be feared that both Mr. Barnes and Miss Mary Rorke must grin and bear, and do their best, as they assuredly do, for the latest imported specimen of American real-life drama, which, surely, must be as unlike as possible to the life it is supposed to depict. However, a real safe, a real telephone, and a street-door with a real knocker are quite enough to strike the spectator with wonder and astonishment. The comic interest of the play unduly preponderates. Luckily, the easy comic style, the enforced but natural humour both of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Harry Parker contrast favourably with the pronounced manner of Miss Catherine Lewis, who has been absent from England for many years, and has caught her manner from American encouragement. The moderation, the nicely-balanced art of the male low comedians may be commended to the attention of Miss Lewis, who is clever, but far too much inclined to over-emphasise and gesticulate. We don't want to be told so frequently that this "Biddy" is a comic part. We can find it out for ourselves without all the waving of hands, the arms-a-kinbo business and this over-elaborated action. But it is scarcely the fault of the lady, for it is precisely the style of art that is grateful to popular audiences in America.

The Benchers of Gray's Inn very gracefully permitted another performance of "The Masque of Flowers," with the original dresses and scenery as used in the Gray's Inn Hall, on the condition that it was done for a charity. The Prince of Wales's Theatre was accordingly secured for a charity performance on behalf of Guy's Hospital and with very satisfactory results. It will be wondered how this miniature play could ever have been fitted to so much larger a stage. Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, the enthusiastic Master of the Revels, cleverly contrived a stage within a stage, as in the play-scene in Hamlet, and presented the spectacle of the Court of King James I. watching a Masque at Whitehall. The effect of the Royal guests, the Court, and the minstrels was charming.

The dramatic season is virtually closed. Henry Irving, J. L. Toole, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, John Hare, John Clayton, Arthur Cecil, with their companions at the Lyceum, St. James's, and Court, are all off for their holidays, and the only important play to be produced before August will be "The Bells of Haslemere" at the Adelphi, when we shall see not only a new play, but an altered, improved, and redecorated theatre. After that the holidays, until playgoers are called back to see the new play by Mr. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, that has been secured by Miss Agnes Hewitt for the Olympic.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and many other guests, at dinner at the Mansion House yesterday week.

The Great Eastern steam-ship, which had been moored in the Mersey for some weeks, and on which a variety of entertainments had been witnessed by large numbers of people, left the river on Monday for the Clyde, accompanied by a single tug.

The ceremony of unveiling a monument over the spot where King Alexander III. of Scotland was killed was performed at Dunfermline on Tuesday morning by the Earl of Elgin, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. The monument consists of Peterhead granite, beautifully polished, and bears the following inscription:—"To the illustrious Alexander III., last of Scotland's Celtic Kings, who was accidentally killed near this spot, March 19, 1286. Erected on the sixth centenary, of his death."

A MISTY DAY ON SNOWDON.

Poor old Snowdon! He is so flayed by tracks and so cumbered with burdens on his head that he recalls one of those long-suffering asses of the East, piled with packages save as to their hind-quarters, which are polished with blows until they glisten like so much naked ebony. It is only now and again that one of these hapless asses turns upon its tormentor, sets its ears, and with a tumultuous bray of defiance shows that it has not quite lost all spirit. And it is only at rare intervals that Y Wyddfa takes tribute of a life, as it were to remind the countless men and women who use him as a thoroughfare that there is power of death-dealing in him yet, notwithstanding guide-books and Ordnance surveyors, and those abominable churls who presume to bed and board people on his very crest at so very much for the bed and breakfast, and who cast such an amount of filthy refuse over his brows day after day in the summer months that all the snows of winter are needed to cleanse him from the memorial of their insults.

In past times the Welsh had a proverb: "Easy to say, 'Behold Eryri' [Snowdon], but difficult to reach its head!" Now-a-days, however, the proverb has lost its soul, and the mountain has all but lost that dignity which depended on mystery and dread. No wonder if, in these later days, it shows an ever-increasing determination to veil from vulgar eyes those glorious features of it which, in all politeness, may be termed its charms. Not every stout-legged counter-jumper who buys a return ticket to Llanberis for a trifle, or every pretty lass who, in motley attire, thinks to put fresh fascinating colour in her soft cheeks by the toilsome walk, shall be privileged to treat Snowdon with the contempt begotten of familiarity. They may struggle to the top, only to be embraced rudely enough by "air-riding tempests," or to find that the King has put on the "fleecy mantle" which his faithful sisters, the Clouds, have ever ready for him at a word. They shall ascend voluble, expectant, and dry, but descend much more briskly, sad, sodden, and woefully disappointed. But, however rudely Snowdon may treat his votaries, be his seclusion ever so absolute, in his infinite charity he gives them all to quaff of that excellent elixir which, in the form of atmosphere, he is for ever brewing about his head. "A hill most chill is Snowdon's hill," says the Welsh "Englyn"; and it might add that its freshness is as invigorating as it is appetising.

The writer made the ascent only the other day. Conditions were unfavourable indeed. The Beddgelert valley was bathed in moisture, and the lower peaks were but dimly outlined through the vapour. In spite of this, his little guide—a boy of eleven, the son and brother of men who for years had carried the words "Guide to Snowdon" on their straw hats—was a cheerful optimist. He had been up on worse days, and seen everything; and his father (then in the public-house drinking his yesterday's earnings) had more faith in fogs than in sunshine.

There was abundance of water everywhere: in solution overhead, under foot in the waterfalls and in each little rivulet trickling down into the valley. But, for all this dampness, the colour of the hill-slopes was magnificent. Such a glow of purple where the rocks stood bare under the shadows; the heather a warm crimson; and the green of the scant grass as velvety as the meadows of fat Gloucester in a rainy June. And it was with the musical roar of near and distant cascades echoing through the mountain solitudes that we broke from the level and plunged bodily into the mist which covered Y Aran like the densest of veils. It is hot climbing under a blue sky and an unclouded sun; but methinks it is almost as hot pushing through the thick fog of a still summer's day, when the lungs get cheated of half their action.

Our route was the shortest ascent of the five or six. The child, having taken an estimate of his charge, averred that we ought to be in the hotel in an hour and a half. It was steep, he admitted, and, without his aid, it was folly to have attempted the task; but, with him, life was as safe as could be imagined. But I put my veto against any such racing against time as seemed to be implied in his words. An hour and a half was ridiculously little to spend on the southern slopes. And then, with much artfulness, the boy pointed to the place where long ago a tourist was found dead and stark; he had had no guide, and so he fell a victim: this was his argument. Within the boy's memory there stood but one fatal accident of Snowdon, and that was less an accident than a visitation. A lady and gentleman ascended in a storm, and the lightning struck and killed the latter. "It was a very sad thing, it was," said the child; "and only yesterday," he proceeded, "there was something. A lady, she was on a horse, and they were coming from Pen-y-gwryd, and the horse it was tired, and the boy who was with them he was impatient, and beat the horse and made it frightened, so that it did not well know how to put its feet. And, all without warning, the horse slipped where it was steep, and fell down many a yard, and there it lies, with a broken back. The lady, she came off its back just when it tumbled, or else she too would have been killed, she would; and the boy, he was crying very much because of it; and I do not know what they will do to him, at all."

For an hour we climbed over sopping grass, and from rock to rock, straight up the side of the mountain. Then the road took us by the sharp precipices which have made this ascent famous. They were hid in the mist this day; but the jagged pinnacles, soaring from the dark sides of the gap, with the sheets of naked rock sinking to depths that seemed bottomless, were not the less impressive for the boiling vapour which surged upwards against us. The sound of falling water came from below, an incalculable distance. In Welsh, the place is called Llechlog, which means, literally, the "hiding" or "skulking"; and, verily, such a precipice, a thousand feet or so down, offers fair meaning for such a name, especially on such a day. But the boy would not let me stay long here. It was dangerous, he said. It frightened people sometimes, so that they drank whisky while standing there; and it was the whisky which the gentlemen had given his father in his younger days that had been his misfortune, for he had ever since loved his drink more than his home. But, alas! for the impressiveness of the lesson: on inquiry, this child of eleven confessed that he, too, was wont to sip the spirit when it was tendered to him, and he did not find it at all disagreeable.

From the Llechlog, in a mist that grew wetter and wetter, we climbed to the Bwlchymaen, or "the stone gap"—a place of fearful tradition. It is no gap, however, but a ridge, seven or eight feet wide, running to the neck of Snowdon himself. The gap is on both sides of the ridge—a gap this day going down into infinite nothingness, through which the sharp crags at the summit were grimly insinuated. In its narrowest part it is called "the saddle"; but, like the Striding Edge of Helvellyn, it is not so bad as the imagination makes it. Hence, I had hoped to see that prince of peaks, Crib Goch, which tickles the palate of members of the Alpine Club; but the mist was eddying in wild bewilderment, and there seemed no hope of a clearance. Never, however, shall I forget the shriek of amazement which burst from my guide when I told him of my

intention, later, of getting to the very top of this serrated mountain. "You will never do it—never!" he wailed. "And it is so thin that you will have to crawl with your eyes and fingers, and you will surely be frightened and fall."

Well, in due time we struggled to the Cairn of Snowdon, and found ourselves in the midst of a crowd. This was, of course, to be expected; for had we not at quick intervals throughout the ascent been met by knots of men and women, beaded with fog-drops? They were in twos and threes, and sometimes as many as six were together. They had looked at us through the clouds with a lack-lustre gaze that was neither a look of recognition nor one of entire indifference, and then had passed away from us for ever. It seemed a marvel, on reflection, that among the thousands who ascend the mountain every year so few should come to grief.

To the man of sensibility what a harrowing spectacle does Y Wyddfa's summit offer on any summer's day. Here is the wreck of one of the wooden shanties: a heap of blackened boards, bits of oil-cloth, chair-legs, cinders, and broken china. Adjoining the ruin is another house, its successor; and over the escarpment on which it is built is a glacier-like declivity of tea-leaves, egg-shells, bacon-rind, crusts of bread, and the other nauseating rubbish which emanates from civilised existence. Facing this house, on the fringe of the other side of the peak, are two or three more ugly huts, described as an hotel "licensed to sell spirits, &c.," and purveyed by So-and-so. And within all these habitable hovels we find a steaming multitude: ladies of all ages undergoing a brief setting to rights in a way that would be scandalous 3500 ft. lower down; ladies and gentlemen eating bread-and-butter, some with eggs and bacon, pots of tea, or bottles of beer; the responsible agents for this party or that settling the bill for refreshments with much lifting of eyebrows and exchange of condoling shrugs and glances; impressionable young people sitting in corners writing in note-books, with intelligent looks hither and thither for the wherewithal to write about, &c. Poor Snowdon! And in this unsavoury chamber, hard by the kitchen, are mirky beds for the devotees of the Snowdon sunrise.

In the middle of the small area of the mountain summit rises the Ordnance Cairn. A young gentleman in white flannels is helping a young lady, the notable part of whose attire is a crimson woollen Tam O'Shanter, to clamber to the top of this mountain in miniature. It is difficult, but not impossible. An American gentleman with a chronometer is taking observation, and expressing his wonder that there are no instruments provided by the Government for the testing of his own instruments. And from this room to that, Welsh boys, waiters, and sundry of the clergy go to and fro with cups of tea, or what not, for the sustenance of their various charges.

The visitors' book records forty-six names to-day; and while we look at it other visitors flock in and squeeze their flannels or let down their dank hair, that they may be temporarily profited in the warmed atmosphere. I am about to speed down to Llanberis, when my child-guide reminds me that I have forgotten to feed as well as to pay him. "It is usual," he says; and so I leave the boy eating bread-and-butter and drinking tea with his betters. In return, he gives me a morsel of stone with some lead in it; "It is a remembrance of Snowdon to take home with you." And so good-bye to Y Wyddfa, truly "the conspicuous" now-a-days. But I shall not throw my guide's keepsake to the winds, for it is possible that, in time to come, the entire mountain will disappear in such mementoes, and that in very, very remote ages the sole relics of the Snowdon which now so proudly lifts its cone to the clouds and the sky will be the few surviving bits of metallic rock which chance and the museums have left to excite the wonder and conjecture of an incredulous posterity.

C. E.

THE HORSE ARTILLERY AT ALDERSHOTT.

An account of the Queen's Jubilee Review at Aldershot, on Saturday, the 9th inst., when nearly sixty thousand troops of the regular Army, the Yeomanry Cavalry, the Militia, and the Volunteers, marched past her Majesty's carriage, was given in our last week's publication. The subject of an additional illustration, which is presented this week, is one of the most striking incidents of that fine military display, when the six splendidly-appointed batteries of Royal Horse Artillery went past the Queen. They were in the following order, at close intervals:—1st Division, Lieutenant-Colonel Burnett commanding; B-A, six guns, Major Wallace; C-A, four guns, Major H. Fitzroy; B-F, six guns, Colonel Free. 2nd Division, Royal Horse Artillery, Colonel Curzon; A-A, six guns, Major Marshall, fine chestnut teams; B-B, six guns, Major Lockyer; F-B, six guns, Major Corbett. It was hardly possible to discriminate between the different batteries, they were all so good in every respect; military critics expressed the conviction that no foreign army can produce anything like our Horse Artillery, and the spectators seemed to have the same feeling, for they applauded with enthusiasm. Upon this occasion, the Royal Horse Artillery were perhaps regarded with a more earnest interest, because of the proposed reduction of this branch of the Army, on grounds of administrative economy, which is much disapproved by many experienced military men. It is considered, however, by the authorities at the War Office, that the supply of horses for the Field Artillery being insufficient, some of the horses belonging to the Royal Horse Artillery should be taken for the service of the field-batteries; and there has been a controversy upon this question, the merits of which we cannot pretend to discuss. After the cavalry, at the review, came Major-General Williams, commanding the Royal Artillery, followed by the 1st Division of Field Artillery, under Lieutenant-Colonel Armand:—V Battery 1st Brigade, six guns, Major Foote; D Battery 3rd Brigade, six guns, Major Curling; S Battery 3rd Brigade, four guns, Major Hay. 2nd Division, under Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Murray:—W Battery 1st Brigade, six guns, Major Bromell; O Battery 2nd Brigade, six guns, Major R. W. Robertson; C Battery 3rd Brigade, six guns, Major E. Wodehouse. 3rd Division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson:—K Battery 1st Brigade, six guns, Major F. Bigg; I Battery 2nd Brigade, six guns, Major Blackburn; A Battery 4th Brigade, six guns, Major Aylmer. 4th Division, under Colonel Sadleir:—N Battery 2nd Brigade, six guns, Major C. Long; E Battery 3rd Brigade, six guns, Major J. Wood; G Battery 2nd Brigade, four guns, Major P. Monckton. Of the field artillery it is sufficient to say that in every respect they were equal to their former reputation. Perhaps the battery which went by best was K-1. It is to be hoped that they and their comrades of the Horse Artillery will be maintained, and that they will soon all be armed with the best gun in existence.

Mr. Ryland, solicitor, of the firm of Messrs. Clarke, Woodcock, and Ryland, Lincoln's-inn-fields, has been appointed a Taxing Master of the High Court.

Injurious comments having recently appeared with reference to the health of Margate, all the medical practitioners of that town have signed a joint certificate that they have not at present a single case of typhoid fever under their care in the borough.

CADZOW FOREST.

High on the edge of the crumbling cliff here, like the grey eyrie of some keen-winged falcon, hangs the ruined keep of Cadzow. Bowered, and all but hidden, by the leafy luxuriance of "the oak and the ash and the bonnie ivy-tree," with the Evan roaring down his rocky bed far below at the foot of the sheer precipice, there is enough left of this ancestral home of the Hamiltons to give some idea of its ancient strength. Perched where it was unassailable on one side save by fies who had the gift of wings; on the other hand, the deep moss-grown moat and the massive remains of thick walls tell how secure a refuge it gave to its possessors. Secluded, too, in the depths of the old Caledonian forest, the fastness had endless facilities for secret communication and for safe hiding in case of necessity, and the deeds of its owners need have been subject to the curiosity of no prying eye. Who can tell what captives have languished in the dungeons into which, now, at places through the broken arch, the sunshine makes its way? Birds have built their nests, and twitter joyously about their callow young, where once only the sighs of the prisoner were heard and the iron clank of his chain. Alas! he had not the linnet's wing to fly out and speed away along these sunny woodland paths.

But not vindictive above their peers were the chiefs of the ancient race that held these baronies. Rather has the gleam of romance come here to lighten the records of their gloomy age. For it was within these walls, tradition says, that Queen Mary found an asylum upon the night following that of her escape from Loch Leven Castle—a tradition the more likely to be true since the Hamilton Palace of that day was but a rude square tower. And it is easy to imagine how in that sweet May morning, the second of her new-born liberty and of her fresh-reviving hopes, the eyes of the fair unfortunate Queen may have filled with tears of happiness as she gazed from this casement forth upon the green waving forests and the silver Evan in its gorge below, and heard in the court-yard and the woods behind the tramp of horses and the ring of arms. That was the last gleam of sunshine in her life, the eleven days between Loch Leven and Langside. Short was the respite, but it must have been sweet, and doubtless these Hamiltons made chivalrous hosts. They fought for her gallantly, at any rate, in vain, for they were the foremost to rush against her enemies' spears in that steep narrow lane at Langside.

And at last she rode away from this place, surrounded by a brave little troop of nobles, their armour glancing in the sun as they caracoled off along these grassy forest glades. Then amid the restored quiet, only the whisper of the woods about them and the murmur of the river far below, the women waited here, listening. Suddenly they heard a sound in the distance—cannonading near Glasgow, ten miles away. The Queen had been intercepted on her journey to Dumbarton. There was not much of the sound, and it died presently.

At last, down these forest avenues, slowly, with drooping crest and broken spear, came riding the Lord of the castle, haggard, and almost alone. For of the gallant gentlemen who had followed him to Langside many had fallen upon the field, and the rest were scattered and fleeing for their lives. What sorrows then for those who would never return must there have been within these walls! what aching hearts for those who had escaped! The smoke of the houses in Clydesdale, fired by the victorious army of the Regent, could almost be seen from here; and day after day news came of friends taken and friends in flight, until it was whispered that the Queen herself was a prisoner in the hands of the English Warden. A weary and anxious time it must have been; but the danger passed, and the hour of reprisal came.

Through the woods here, according to the tradition preserved by Sir Walter Scott, on a January afternoon less than two years after the Battle of Langside, a hunting-party was returning to the castle. Amid the fast-falling shadows of the winter day they were bringing home their quarry—the wild bull whose race still roams these glades—and the rest of the party were making merry over the success of their sport. There was the jingle, too, of hawk-bells, and the bark of hounds in leash. But their lord in front rode silent, with clenched hand and clouded brow. He had not forgotten the misfortune that had befallen his house, and news of a fresh insult had but lately quickened his anger over it. The estate of one of his kinsmen, Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, had been confiscated to a favourite of the Regent, and the new possessor, it was said, had used his power with such severity, in turning out Bothwellhaugh's wife and new-born infant on a freezing night, that the poor lady had become furiously mad. Brooding darkly and bitterly on these evils, the chief was drawing near the castle, when there was suddenly heard approaching the heavy gallop of a horse, and in another moment Bothwellhaugh sprang to the earth before him. His face was wild and pale, and his steed, bespattered with foam and blood, drooped its head in exhaustion. Vengeance swift and dire had fallen upon the Regent, and, twenty miles away, in Linlithgow Palace, the birth-place of the sister he had dethroned, he lay dying. It is for a higher Judge than man to say whether his death was that of a martyr or of a miscreant; but at the time there were not wanting those who held that Bothwellhaugh satisfied with one blow his own private feud and the wrath of Heaven over the distresses of the Queen. The brass match-lock, curiously enough a rude sort of rifle, with which the deed was done, lies yet in the palace of the Hamiltons.

Three hundred years ago and more it all happened, and the moss grows dark and velvety now on the ruined bridge over which once rang the hoofs of Queen Mary's steed; but the grey and broken walls, silent amid the warm summer sunshine, recall these memories of the past. There could be no sweeter spot to linger near. Foamy branches of hawthorn a month ago filled the air here with their fragrance; and still in the woodland aisles lie fair beds of speedwell, blue as miniature lakes. Under the dry, crumbling banks, too, among tufts of delicate fern, are to be seen the misty, purple-flowering nettle and the soft, green shoots of briar. Overhead, in summer luxuriance, spread the broad, palm-like fronds of the chestnut; close by, the soft greenery of the beech lets the tinted sunshine through; and amid them rises the dark and sombre pine. But, venerable above them all, on these rolling forest lands, the shattered girth of many an ancient oak still witnesses to an age that may have seen the rites of the Druids. Monarchs of the primeval wilds, these gigantic trees, garlanded now with the green leaf of another year, need acres each for the spread of their mighty roots; while as withies in comparison are the cedars of a century.

And down these forest avenues, the home of his sires from immemorial time, where his hoof sinks deep in the primeval sward, and there is no rival to answer his hoarse bellow of defiance, comes the lordly Caledonian bull. Never yet has the race been tamed, and the cream-white hide and black muzzle, horn, and hoof bespeak the pure strain of its ancient blood. There is a popular belief, indeed, that when the white cattle become extinct the house of Hamilton will pass away. Here, then, in the forgotten solitude, where seldom along the grassy woodland ways comes the foot of the human wanderer, the mountain bull keeps guard with his herd over the scene of that old and sorrowful story.

G. E. T.



THE JUBILEE REVIEW AT ALDERSHOTT: ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY MOVING UP TO TAKE POSITION.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

As stated last week, Signor Lago's season terminated on Saturday. On the previous Thursday "Don Giovanni" was given, with the title-character sustained by Signor Cotogni, who repeated an effective performance that has often been a feature in previous years at this establishment. On the occasion now referred to, Madame De Cepeda appeared as Donna Anna, Madame Giulia Valda as Donna Elvira, Signor Gayarre as Don Ottavio, Signor Lorrain as Leporello, and Signor Carbone as Masetto—altogether, in these respects, a fairly good cast. Signor Gayarre sang with special effect, particularly in the two arias of Ottavio. As Zerlina, Mlle. Marcolini made her first appearance here. The lady apparently possesses qualities which may hereafter enable her to attain a good position on the lyric stage, but at present she seems to want both the experience and the confidence necessary for that result.

The closing performance, on Saturday night, consisted of "La Vita per lo Czar," the Italian version of Glinka's Russian opera, which was produced on the previous Tuesday, as noticed by us last week. It is to be regretted that a remarkable work, brought out with so much care and cost, should have been produced so late in the season that only two performances were possible. It ought, however, to find many repetitions next year, both on account of its intrinsic merits and the excellence of its representation here. Saturday's performance again included the admirable singing and acting of Madame Albani, Madame Scalchi, Signor Gayarre, and M. Devoyod in the principal characters. The first-named lady (whose benefit night it was) met with an enthusiastic reception. The National Anthem (solos by Mesdames Albani and Scalchi) closed the evening. Signor Bevnigani, as before, was the conductor, which office he has fulfilled with zeal and skill throughout the season, with the exception of two or three occasions when efficiently relieved by Mr. Saar.

Covent-Garden Theatre will soon be reopened for the usual autumn series of promenade concerts, again under the direction of Mr. W. F. Thomas, who has secured the renewed co-operation of Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe as conductor, an efficient orchestra, and eminent vocal and instrumental soloists.

ITALIAN OPERA.—DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The proceedings here, since our last notice, have consisted of repetitions of well-known operas—with one or two occasional changes in the cast. The admirable performances of "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "Faust," and "Les Huguenots" have proved specially attractive, a result which will probably lead to some extension of the season beyond the six weeks originally announced, which terminate this (Saturday) evening.

In Monday's performance of "Aida" the title-character was well sustained by Madame Nordica, the part of Amneris having brought forward Mlle. Jeanne Dora, who was favourably received, and will doubtless, with further experience, turn to still better account the advantages which she possesses of an agreeable voice and a good stage presence. The cast of "Aida" was in other respects similar to that of a previous occasion, and Signor Mancinelli again conducted.

M. Hollman, the eminent violoncellist, gave an afternoon recital at Messrs. Collard's pianoforte-rooms, Grosvenor-street, yesterday (Friday) week, when the programme comprised some of his own compositions, including some recent productions. Two concertos and smaller pieces served for a favourable manifestation of his powers as a composer and his skill as an executant.

Last week's performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," at the Royal Albert Hall, drew a sufficiently good attendance to warrant a hope that the object in view—aiding the funds of the Middlesex Hospital—will be satisfactorily realised. As already stated, the principal solo vocalists were Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Signor Foli, the composer having conducted.

The concert by artists of the Covent-Garden Royal Italian Opera company, which took place at the Royal Albert Hall last Saturday afternoon, included the third act of "Faust" in costume—a feature which does not accord with the absence of stage action and scenic accessories. Several, but not all, of the principal operatic vocalists were present, and Signor Bevnigani conducted.

An orchestral concert by students of the Royal Academy of Music took place on Saturday evening, conducted by Mr. Barnby, who is now the permanent holder of the office. Under his able direction the choral performances of the students have been greatly improved, proof of which was afforded in several instances, among them having been Beethoven's Choral Fantasia and Brahms's "Song of Fate." The prominent pianoforte part of the fantasia was well played by Miss H. Webb, other clever pianoforte performances having been those of Mr. G. W. F. Crowther, Miss E. L. Young, and Miss M. Scott. Mr. H. J. Wood proved himself a skilful organist in his execution of a movement from Mr. Prout's concerto. Proof of progress in composition was afforded by Mr. J. E. German's symphony in E minor, and several solo vocalists gave evidence of good tuition in that respect, especially Misses G. Williams, K. Norman, and H. Jones. The annual distribution of prizes will take place, at St. James's Hall, on July 27.

Mr. W. Ganz's "Matinée Musicale" (given at 4, Whitehall-yard) last week included his own clever performances in several pianoforte pieces, those of the rising young violinist, Miss Nettie Carpenter, and the refined and pleasing vocalisation of the concert-giver's daughter, Miss Georgina Ganz. Mesdames Minnie Hauk and Patey, and Signor Runcio, were included in the list of solo vocalists, and Mr. Libotton, the eminent violoncellist, contributed to the programme.

Josef Hofmann, the marvellous child-pianist, gave his fifth recital—the last this season—at Prince's Hall on Thursday week, when his performances again manifested not only finished executive skill but an amount of artistic feeling far in advance of his extreme youthfulness.

On Thursday, the 14th inst., the members of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, now in this country, were entertained at dinner by their comrades of the older English Company at the Armoury in Finsbury.

A celebration in honour of the Queen's Jubilee took place on the 13th inst. at Friern Barnet and New Southgate. Shops and private houses were decorated, and triumphal arches erected for processions of schoolchildren and members of benefit societies to pass through. The scene of the principal part of the day's proceedings was The Friary; the grounds being placed at the service of the committee by Mr. E. W. Richardson. To this spot a procession of about 2000 children, together with representatives of various benefit societies, went early in the afternoon. Numerous amusements were provided, including Punch-and-Judy shows, swings, and merry-go-rounds; and there was besides a rather long programme of sports for the children, in which the prizes were Jubilee florins and other coins, and tea was provided. There was dancing in the evening, and the proceedings were wound up with a display of fireworks.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their daughter Princess Margaret, drove to Westminster Hospital on the 13th inst., and in the name of Princess Margaret opened a new children's ward in the hospital.

Princess Beatrice, accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, opened, on Thursday, the tenth block of houses of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

Princess Christian distributed the prizes of the Prince Consort's Association on Tuesday in Windsor Home Park.

The first annual meeting of the Recreative Evening Schools Association was held at Surrey House, Hyde Park, yesterday week, Princess Louise being present. At the conclusion of the reading of the report it was announced that Princess Louise would again become president of the society, and Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., treasurer. The Rev. Dr. Paton and the Rev. Freeman Wills, hon. secs., were re-elected.

A concert was given on Monday evening at Grosvenor House, by permission of the Duke of Westminster, in aid of the Ladies' Work Society, of which Princess Louise is president.

The Comte de Paris has given £100 to the building fund of the new French hospital, which is to be erected in Shaftesbury-avenue; and the Comtesse de Paris has paid to the same fund £600, being a share of the proceeds of the bazaar held at Willis's Rooms on June 27.

Baron Henry De Worms, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, occupied the chair at the triennial dinner of the Railway Guards' Universal Friendly Society at the Cannon-street Hotel, on the 13th inst., when subscriptions to the amount of £2300 were announced.

Lady Fanny FitzWigram opened the fourth Annual Flower Show and Industrial Exhibition at All Saints' Institute, Priory-road, South Lambeth, on the 13th inst.

The wind-up entertainment of the Brighton Jubilee celebrations was given on the 13th inst., when 5300 children who could not join in the fête at Preston Park were regaled in a similar manner in their respective schools.

The council of the Harris Institute, Preston, having received a grant of £30,000 from the trustees under the will of the late Mr. E. R. Harris (who left nearly half a million of money for philanthropic purposes in Preston), and having received the gift of a site from the Preston Corporation, have decided to erect and endow a well-equipped technical school for Preston and the neighbourhood. In the prospectus just issued by the council of the institute, it is estimated that the cost of the building, furniture, and fittings will not be less than £17,000, of which they are allowed to provide £10,000 out of the grant, the remaining £20,000 being held as an endowment fund. They propose to give instruction in all the branches of cotton-spinning, weaving, and designing, mechanical engineering, and the building trades in general, in day and night classes. The school will be called the Victoria Jubilee Technical School.

Mr. Justice Kekewich opened, on Friday, the 15th inst., the fifth annual show of the Floral and Industrial Society connected with the Eton Mission at Victoria Park. It was generally regarded as a great improvement upon that of last year. In the course of the evening, Colonel Duncan, M.P., distributed the certificates of the St. John's Ambulance Association to the students at the winter classes, and made an interesting speech. Last Saturday, the prizes were distributed by Lord and Lady Chelmsford, and on Sunday a sacred concert was conducted by Mr. Barnby. The mission is doing a good work in the district.

Mr. H. Spicer presided at the annual general meeting of the Asylum for Fatherless Children, held on Tuesday at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street. The institution, which was founded in 1844, receives fatherless children of either sex from any part of the kingdom between the ages of three months and eleven years. Since the establishment 1478 children have been admitted to its benefits, and of that number 320 are enjoying its shelter. The sum of £8000 at least is required for the ordinary annual expenditure. The report, which was read by Mr. J. R. Edwards, the secretary, stated that the charity continued to advance in the estimation of the public.

The annual flower-show of window-plants exhibited by working men and women, schoolchildren, and residents in the parishes of Lambeth took place on Tuesday, in the old Palace Grounds, that lie between Howard House and Carlisle House. As is the usual custom on this Surrey-side ceremony day, the grounds were open in the evening, and athletic sports, swings, games, and shows of all kinds, and a final grand display of fireworks were provided for the people of the parishes of St. Mary, St. Peter, St. Mary, Prince's-road, St. Philip, Emmanuel, Holy Trinity, All Saints', St. John, St. Andrew, St. Thomas, and St. Paul. There were fully 5000 people present; and, under the kindly superintendence of the Rector of Lambeth, the Hon. and Rev. F. G. Pelham, there was a thoroughly enjoyable gathering.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation was held on Tuesday, at the offices of the corporation, in Southampton-street, Strand. From the report read by Dr. Pigott it appeared that the grants of money made during the past year amounted to £8517, being an increase of nearly £1000 over the previous year. The committee announced with thankfulness that the income, under every head, had increased.

Mr. Hucks Gibbs presided at Guy's Hospital on Tuesday over a meeting of subscribers to the Special Appeal Fund. The chairman stated that the fund amounted to £75,000. They had had a legacy that morning of £2000, and he hoped that the hospital would have more legacies. Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P., expressed a hope that there would be more yearly subscriptions, and he read a letter from Messrs. Baring, Sons, and Co. regretting that they could not be present. Mr. E. H. Lushington, the treasurer, also made a statement respecting the work of the hospital. The meeting, it appeared, had been called in consequence of the subscribers having been informed that their donations would be employed in keeping open the hospital and maintaining the number of beds on the present basis. The Charity Commissioners, however, had informed the Governors that a considerable sum having been collected, an overdraft at the bankers must be paid off, and that sanction would not be given to the borrowing of more money. The actuary was consulted, and it was found advantageous to pay off the debt at once. This reduced the £75,000 to something under £60,000. The interest on that sum, however, was not sufficient to maintain the 500 beds; but it was hoped that it would be possible to save the principal, and that there would be increased subscriptions in the future, so that interest and subscriptions combined, the work of the hospital might be satisfactorily carried on. This plan met with approval.

Sir Douglas Galton presided on Thursday week at the annual meeting of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, held at the Parkes Museum, Margaret-street. In the evening there was a banquet.

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN FLOYER.

The Right Hon. John Floyer, of West Stafford, in the county of Dorset, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1844, and for many years Chairman of Quarter Sessions, died on the 4th inst., at 5, Old Palace-yard, Westminster. He was born April 26, 1811, the second son of the Rev. William Floyer, Rector of West Stafford, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and coheirress of Mr. Stephen Barton, of Blandford; and was descended from a younger son of the Floyers of Floiers Hayes. He was educated at Winchester and at Balliol College, Oxford, and sat in Parliament for Dorset, 1846 to 1857, and again, 1864 to 1885, always as a Conservative. In the list of Jubilee honours announced a week or two since, Mr. Floyer's name was commanded by the Queen to be added to the Privy Council. He married, Feb. 20, 1844, Georgina Charlotte Frances, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. George Bankes, M.P., of Corfe Castle, Cursitor Baron, and had issue.

SIR H. M. DENHAM.

Admiral Sir Henry Mangles Denham, Knight, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., an elder Brother of the Trinity House, died on the 3rd inst., in his eighty-seventh year. He was son of Mr. Henry Denham, of Sherborne, and early entered the Royal Navy. He was promoted to the rank of Admiral in 1877, having ten years before received the honour of knighthood, in recognition of his hydrographical services and maritime explorations in both hemispheres. He married, in 1826, Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. Joseph Cole, of Carmarthen, and became a widower in 1865.

SIR ASHLEY EDEN.

The Hon. Sir Ashley Eden, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., died on the 9th inst. He was born Nov. 13, 1831, the third son of Robert John, Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, by Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Edward Hurt, of Alderwasley; and was educated at Rugby, Winchester, and Haileybury. He entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1852, was appointed, in 1861, Special Envoy with the Sikkim Expedition, was Secretary to the Government of Bengal from 1860 to 1871, Chief Commissioner for Burmah from 1871 to 1876, and Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal from 1876 to 1882, since which—last year—he was a Member of the Council of India. The decoration of Companion of the Star of India was given to him in 1874, and that of Knight Commander in 1878. He was also a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire. He married Eva Maria, daughter of Vice-Admiral Money, C.B., which lady died Jan. 10, 1877.

MR. FAWCETT.

Mr. William Fawcett, J.P., of the Close, Salisbury, died on the 5th inst., aged ninety-four. For a lengthened period he was a prominent and esteemed citizen of Salisbury, filled the office of Mayor in 1832, and became a permanent Magistrate in 1846. At the time of his decease he was the oldest member of the City Bench, and had been for many years an Alderman. He married Mary, daughter of Mr. William Cooper, and had issue. His son, the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., was the late Postmaster-General. The remains of Mr. W. Fawcett were interred in the cloisters of Salisbury Cathedral in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation, the city members, and others.

MR. MOSELEY.

Mr. Walter Moseley, of Buildwas Park, Shropshire, J.P. and D.L., died, at No. 39, Montague-square, on the 11th inst., aged fifty-five. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Walter Moseley, of Buildwas and The Mere, Staffordshire, High Sheriff of Shropshire in 1833; was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Oxford; and married, in 1864, Maria Katherine, youngest daughter of the Rev. Richard Anderson, of Swinithwaite Hall, Yorkshire. The Moseleys of The Mere and Buildwas are a very ancient family in Salop.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Thomas Staniforth, of Stovis, Windermere, and Kirk Hammerton Hall, Yorkshire, on the 8th inst., at Kirk Hammerton, after a protracted illness, at the age of eighty.

The Rev. John Bathurst Deane, M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Great St. Helens with St. Martin Outwich, Bishopsgate, on the 12th inst., at Bath, in his ninetieth year.

The Very Rev. John Canon O'Rourke, Parish Priest of Maynooth, on the 16th inst., aged seventy-eight, a learned and accomplished writer.

General William James Smythe, F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Colonel-Commandant Royal Artillery, on the 12th inst., at his residence, in the county of Antrim. He entered the Army in 1833, and became General in 1881.

General George Ramsay, for many years Resident at the Courts of Nagpore and Nepaul, on the 3rd inst., at his residence, 25, Eccleston-square, aged seventy-four. He was eldest son of the Hon. Andrew Ramsay, fifth son of the eighth Earl of Dalhousie.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Leslie Bryce, late of the 14th Regiment, youngest son of the late Rev. William Bryce, D.D., of Aberdour, Fife, on the 11th inst. He entered the Army Feb. 1, 1856; served in the New Zealand War, and was severely wounded.

Mr. Hugh Brooke Low, only son of Sir Hugh Low, K.C.M.G., her Majesty's Resident at Perak, and godson of Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, recently, aged thirty-eight. He was Resident of the Regang District, and was preparing a book on the Dyaks and other natives of North-west Borneo.

Isabella, Lady Lowther, wife of Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., of Swillington, and eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Morehead, D.D., Rector of Easington, on the 2nd inst., at 59, Grosvenor-street, aged seventy-eight. Her marriage took place May 10, 1834, and the issue consisted of two sons and one daughter. The second son, the Right Hon. James Lowther, was Chief Secretary for Ireland 1878 to 1880.

The Hon. Grant E. Thomas, M.D., at his residence in Barbadoes, West Indies, on the 10th ult., in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Dr. Thomas was for upwards of twenty years President of her Majesty's Council in that island. He was offered, some years ago, a knighthood, which, however, mainly owing to his advancing years, he asked to be allowed to decline. A similar honour was conferred some years previously on his brother, Sir John Thomas, who was for many years Speaker of the House of Assembly in the same island.

Mr. Alexander Moody Stuart, Esq., advocate, has been appointed Professor of Scots Law in the University of Glasgow, in the room of Mr. Robert Berry, appointed Sheriff of the county of Lanark.

The twenty-second anniversary of the Salvation Army was celebrated on Monday by a "grand day of spiritual delight" at the Alexandra Palace. Some 25,000 or 30,000 persons were present at the demonstration, and of these about one-half, including more than 2000 officers, were members of the Salvation Army. There were contingents from various parts of the country, and from France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Sweden, United States, Canada, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, India, and China.

IN DR. JOHNSON'S TIME.

The most attractive literary biography in the language, indeed one of the most delightful books we possess, is Boswell's life of Johnson. The interest of the narrative is inexhaustible, and the work may be turned to various uses apart from the striking delineation it affords of a remarkable personality. Suppose we turn to its pages to see the difference between the manners and morals of the last century and that in which we live. The contrast is in almost every respect most striking. Sir Wilfrid Lawson thinks that Englishmen drink too much now, and wishes to convert us to tea and cold water. There does not seem to have been any champion of total abstinence in Dr. Johnson's time, but there was more than one opponent of the "China drink." About the middle of the century, when tea was sold at from 10s. to 20s. per lb., the use of it was strongly opposed by Wesley, and also by Jonas Hanway, who said that tea and gin had spread their baleful influence over the island. Johnson called tea a barren superfluity; but he admits that for twenty years he was a "hardened and shameless tea-drinker." He could not drink wine without taking too much, so he wisely gave it up altogether; and advised Boswell, but without effect, to give it up also. He did not, however, counsel abstinence generally, and in the early days of his acquaintance with Boswell, drank his bottle of port at a sitting: he said, indeed, that on one occasion he had drunk three bottles without being the worse for it. There seems in those days to have been some connection between port and orthodoxy. A certain Dr. Campbell having told Boswell he had drunk thirteen bottles of port in one day, Johnson said you could not trust the doctor's accuracy, but added that "he was a solid orthodox man, with a reverence for religion"; and he observes of a Church dignitary that, being a very pious man, he was never drunk, but was "always fuddled." Of course, one must not take too seriously Johnson's assertion that "claret is the liquor for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes"; but it is evident that the great moralist had little horror of a vice then almost universal. In Scotland drinking-bouts were as common as in England, and readers of Scott will remember Edward Waverley's troubles the first evening of his stay at Tully-Weolan. Then, as often happened, drinking led to a duel, and Johnson, who was not in advance of his age, defended duelling, and, as his latest editor observes, might have quoted the Lieutenant in "Tom Jones": "My dear boy, be a good Christian as long as you live; but be a man of honour too, and never put up an affront."

Whether we are now more thoroughly refined in feeling than in Dr. Johnson's day, is a question for the moralist. It is certain we have improved externally. The London of that time was about the size of a large provincial town; but it was by no means so safe a city to live in as the enormous metropolis with which we are familiar. In the earlier days of Addison and Swift, the "Mohawks" made the streets perilous to all sober-minded people; and "he who was unfortunate enough to cross their path at night seldom escaped without some mark, in a slit nose or ear, which he would carry to his grave." Shenstone, writing in 1743, when Johnson was thirty-four years old, says that pickpockets knocked people down with bludgeons in the Strand at eight o'clock in the evening, and that there was great danger from their attacks upon leaving the playhouses.

The London of that day was far more lawless than anything witnessed in our time. In 1768 Dr. Franklin wrote that the streets were in the hands of mobs, "some knocking all

down that will not roar for Wilkes and liberty; courts of justice afraid to give justice against him; coalheavers pulling down the houses of coal merchants; sawyers destroying saw-mills; sailors unrigging all the outward-bound ships, and suffering none to sail till merchants agreed to raise their pay." Of the Gordon riots of 1780 Johnson gives a vivid description, and shows the helplessness of the Executive during that season of panic.

At the same time, criminals were brutally punished for trivial offences. The heads on Temple Bar, that Johnson and Goldsmith looked at together, are indications of the time. Prisons, so vividly described by Fielding and Goldsmith, were sinks of debauchery, and infected with jail fever. "Of all the seats of woe on this side hell," said Wesley, "few, I suppose, exceed, or even equal, Newgate." And he added that if a worse prison did exist, it was to be found at Bristol. Bedlam was regarded as one of the sights of London; and people paid to see and to laugh at the miserable sufferers, who were chained and whipped like wild beasts, and slept upon straw. Boswell liked to be present at every execution, and his liking was constantly gratified. Men and women—even boys and girls—were hanged for very trivial offences, and often in considerable numbers. Samuel Rogers, when he was a boy, saw "a whole cartful of young girls on their way to be executed at Tyburn." There was little sensibility to human suffering, and still less pity for the suffering of animals. "I am a great friend," said Johnson, "to public amusements, for they keep people from vice;" but cock-fighting and bull-baiting were scarcely conducive to virtue; neither, according to Johnson's showing, was the theatre. Books were not only tolerated but in high favour in the last century which few ladies would read in ours. Walter Scott relates that a grand-aunt, who lived to an advanced age, asked him to obtain for her Mrs. Behn's novels, which she had read in her girlhood, when they were much admired. The next time he saw the old lady she gave him back the books, saying, "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and if you will take my advice, put her in the fire. . . . But is it not a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which sixty years ago I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?"

Apropos of this story, the reader may be reminded that Johnson called "Prior" a lady's book; that Richardson's "Pamela" was recommended from the pulpit, and that that highly-virtuous author entrusted "Tom Jones," the novel of his great rival, to two young ladies, with a request for their judgment upon it. And the girls, evidently much to Richardson's annoyance, praised the story highly for its humanity and just satire, while admitting that it had "bold, shocking pictures." "Tom Jones" was considered improper even by the author's contemporaries, although Lady Wortley Montagu wrote "*ne plus ultra*" in her copy; but Richardson read his "Clarissa" to a set of highly respectable ladies, and actually discussed with them the different scenes of the story. "Oh, my faithful, good old Samuel Richardson!" exclaims Thackeray, "hath the news yet reached thee in Hades that thy sublime novels are huddled away in corners, and that our daughters may no more read Clarissa than 'Tom Jones'!"

When Fielding was too ill to undergo the "intolerable fatigue" of a journey to Bath, he went for a short distance into the country. A voyage to Lisbon was then proposed, and the poor invalid was six or seven weeks on the passage. But the most notable illustration of the difference between Johnson's day and

ours is to be found in an incident connected with that voyage. The sick man had no use of his limbs; and it is said that, on being carried to a boat and hoisted in a chair over the ship's side, his ghastly, death-stricken face excited the mirth of the watermen and sailors! Do we need any further proof that if the eighteenth century was, as Mill said, an age of strong and brave men, it was also an age strongly marked, even at its best period, by coarseness and brutality? J. D.

COUNTRY COUSINS AT THE EXHIBITION.

At this late period of the London season, it frequently becomes the duty of families residing in town, before their own departure for change of scene or change of air, to receive the visits of friends from the country, and sometimes to conduct them to the sights and amusements which have already been made familiar to themselves in preceding months. The Colonial and Indian Exhibition of last year, and those of former years at South Kensington, which remained open till October, were naturally thronged by provincial visitors during the later summer and autumn; and it will probably be the same with the American Exhibition, including the romantic "Wild West" and the performances of "Buffalo Bill." There is, however, one important annual feature of the metropolitan attractions, for people of a certain degree of social and intellectual pretensions, which disappears at the end of July; the pictures at the Royal Academy, the merits of which were abundantly discussed here in May, are to be viewed yet another week, before their dispersal to the ends of the kingdom. Many ladies and gentlemen with a taste for art, or with an idea that they are bound to qualify themselves for remarks upon this safe topic in the social converse that may await them, make a point of coming to London almost for the purpose of seeing the Academy Exhibition. Their frank and eager curiosity, with their warmly expressed admiration of favourite works, affords a refreshing contrast to the fatigued indifference of Londoners, who have endured the toils of a variety of private and public entertainments, not to speak of business, professional work, and politics, since the beginning of February, and who are now craving repose. The latter may undeservedly get the discredit of a *nil admirari* temperament, and of insensibility to the sublime and beautiful, when they are only physically and mentally tired.

The Wesleyan Conference, with its pastoral session, opened on Tuesday morning at Central-buildings, Oldham-street, Manchester, there being 1000 ministers present. The retiring President, Dr. Young, was accompanied by the ex-President, Dr. Osborne, Dr. Rigg, Dr. Gregory, and other prominent officials. Eleven nominations were made, when the Rev. George Scott was elected on the ground of seniority, and the Rev. J. W. S. Jones, of Naples, by nomination. The conference then proceeded to the election of President, when the Rev. John Walton, of London, was elected by 291 votes. On a ballot being taken for the secretaryship of the Conference, the Rev. D. J. Walton was re-elected to the position by 403 votes. At the call of the retiring President, the Rev. John Walton, the newly-elected President, ascended the platform, and was formally installed, receiving from the Rev. Mr. Young the insignia of office. A brief inaugural address was well received by the Conference. The new Wesleyan President is a native of Leeds. He was born in 1823, and entered the ministry in 1844. After two years' training in Richmond College he was sent to Ceylon, where he spent fourteen years.

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Bits of Old London: Gray's Inn.

The successful revival of "The Masque of Flowers" in Gray's Inn Hall, with the pleasant garden-party given by the Benchers on Thursday, the 7th inst., prompts us to make use of a few Sketches of the old-fashioned buildings in the precincts of that historical Inn of Court, which may suitably follow those of Lincoln's Inn in the series called "Bits of Old London." "Gray's Inn, its History and Associations," is the title of a volume compiled by Mr. William Ralph Douthwaite, the librarian, who is a diligent and accurate special antiquary, which was published last year by Messrs. Reeves and Turner. He has compiled, from original and unpublished documents, much interesting information, from which we proceed to borrow for a sort of commentary upon the subject of our Illustrations. There is evidence that Gray's Inn was an Inn of Court so early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, the name of Ralph Andrew, a Benchman in 1311, being found in the record of Vincent's Visitation of Northamptonshire, in the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts. The site of Gray's Inn, north of Holborn, was part of the ancient Manor of Portpool, and belonged to the noble family of Grey (formerly spelt Gray) de Wilton; whose "inn," or town house, stood on the ground, the estate being held under the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the rent supplying a revenue to the Prebend of Portpool in the thirteenth century. In 1505, Edmund Lord Grey de Wilton conveyed this estate to certain feoffees who were members of Gray's Inn and eminent lawyers; but the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn had to pay a yearly rent to the Priory of Shene (Richmond) until that monastery was suppressed by Henry VIII.; and afterwards to the Crown. Since 1733, when the manorial rights were purchased, Gray's Inn has held its property free of any payment.

The constitution, privileges, authority, and discipline of the principal Inns of Court, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, have been described on former occasions. We have before quoted the pleasant description given by Chief Justice Fortescue, in his treatise "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ," written in the time of King Edward IV., showing that young gentlemen of rank then attended these places of liberal manly education as "a sort of academy or gymnasium, where they learn singing and all sorts of music, dancing, and such other accomplishments and diversions, which are called revels, as are suitable to their quality, and are usually practised at Court. At other times, out of term, the greater part apply themselves to the study of the law. Upon



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GATES TO THE GARDENS, FIELD-COURT.

festival days, and after the offices of the Church are over, they employ themselves in the study of sacred and profane history; here everything which is good and virtuous is to be learned, all vice is discouraged and banished."

With regard to professional instruction, the members of the Society of Gray's Inn were hierarchically divided into the classes of students, inner

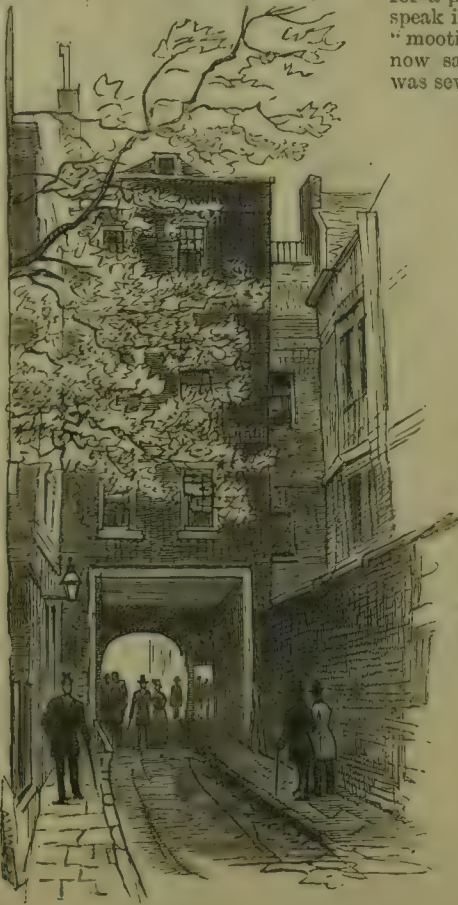


GRAY'S INN HALL.

barristers, utter barristers, ancients, readers, and benchers. The inner and utter barristers, as well as the students, were learners; the utter barristers were those proficient enough to be called upon to argue "moot points," or difficult cases and doubtful questions of law, in the exercises presided over by the readers and benchers, who formed the teaching and governing body of this law college; while the inner barristers could only recite the pleadings in that curious dialect known as law French. It is perhaps not generally understood that the "Bar," to which a law-student is called, does not mean the bar of a court of justice—which is for a prisoner indicted of crime—but the bar at which he should stand to speak in the academical debates of his inn of court. Besides these formal "mootings," there were minor exercises called "boltings," or, as we should now say, "siftings," conducted in a conversational manner, where a student was severely cross-examined by a benchman and two senior barristers, to test his



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COUNTRY COUSINS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

knowledge of the law bearing on a point set before him. After a sufficient course of "boltings," he was admitted to the "mootings," but remained four or five years a junior barrister. In the first year of Elizabeth, it was ordered, by command of the Judges, that no barrister should plead in Court until he was of twelve years' standing. The ancients were either barristers of long standing, or sons of Judges and persons of high social rank, on whom this honorary distinction was conferred. The readers, who gave lectures and conducted mootings, were counsel in good practice, and usually rich enough to give handsome entertainments in the Hall; they had a claim to any vacant judgeships, and the Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, and other law officers of the Crown, were chosen from this class. After serving as reader for a year, such a member of the profession became a bencher or governor of the Inn. These regulations seem to have been much neglected from the time of the Commonwealth, and the ancient collegiate discipline was never restored. There is now, however, at Gray's Inn, since 1875, a voluntary Moot Society among the law-students, with an eminent lawyer presiding at the request of the Benchers, which has been found very useful. Judge Russell, the Master of the Library, is president of this society.

The eminent and illustrious members of Gray's Inn form an imposing procession in English history. They include, not to mention those admitted merely for honorary distinction, Chief Justice Gascoigne, who set the Law above the Prince; William Cecil, Lord Burghley, the great Minister of Queen Elizabeth, and his son, Sir Robert Cecil; and Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, whose life was for many years, before and after his fall, intimately associated with this place, where he wrote many of his books, and where he took an active part in preparing the Masques, the Plays, and Revels; the "Masque of Flowers" was dedicated to him in 1614, having been performed at his private cost. We think it very likely that Shakspeare, in previous years, now and then waited on Bacon at Gray's Inn, to consult with him about new plays for the Blackfriars Theatre, in the management of which Bacon seems to have taken an interest; Bacon may have revised more than one of the plays, or suggested plots from his reading of Italian romances and of classic history. Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors" was certainly performed in the Hall of Gray's Inn, on a "Grand Night" in December, 1594, when the Templars were invited to the audience, and Shakspeare would, of course, be present. On the same occasion, the gentlemen of Gray's Inn performed a local heroic burlesque of "The High and Mighty Prince of Purpoole (Portpool), Duke of High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Lord of Islington, Kentish Town," &c.; in which the speeches of the six councillors were, according to Mr. Spedding, written by Bacon himself. The "Prince of Purpoole" became a standard figure at the Gray's Inn entertainments. There is an anecdote of Bacon having had a long conversation with Sir Walter Raleigh in Gray's Inn Walks, just before Raleigh went on his disastrous voyage to Guiana. A catalpa-tree in the gardens, said to have been planted by Bacon, may well have been brought from America by Raleigh. Bacon also erected a summer-house in the gardens, with a Latin inscription to the memory of one of the Readers of Gray's Inn.

Those gardens, still very beautiful and pleasant, though now surrounded with buildings, formerly looked towards the open country, to the woodlands and hills of Hampstead and Highgate; there was no town beyond them. The public entrance was from a court or passage, called Fulwood's-rents,

in Holborn, opposite Chancery-lane, the houses there being owned by a person named Fulwood, from whom, in 1593, the Benchers purchased ground for another entrance to their Inn, the present gate in Holborn; their old gate was that in Gray's-inn-lane. Everybody knows the two principal quadrangles, South-square and Gray's-inn-square, the latter of fine proportions; also, the paved passage on the west side, called Warwick-court, from the town house of the Earl of Warwick (Charles Rich) in the time of Charles II., leading through Gray's-inn-place to Raymond-buildings. The open ground beyond there, two centuries ago, was Gray's Inn Fields and Red Lion Fields, till a certain Dr. Nicholas Barebone commenced building on it, to the indignation of the Gray's Inn gentlemen. They sallied forth in their gowns and had a sharp fight with the bricklayers; several were hurt by the flinging of bricks. Kingsgate-street and Theobald's-road are associated with the frequent journeys of James I. to his favourite hunting-place in the country. But our attention must be confined to Gray's Inn. The principal entrance-gate of the gardens is now in Field-court, which is situated west of the lower side of Gray's-inn-square; but the well-kept lawn, fair terraces, and noble trees are seen in passing northward from Gray's-inn-place to Raymond-buildings.

The Hall, Chapel, and Library, forming the group of buildings that divides the larger square from South-square, do not present a very imposing architectural combination. The Chapel, on the side of Gray's-inn-square, is small and low, but has three handsome windows of modern painted glass. It was originally served by the Prior and Convent of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield. Among its preachers have been several eminent divines of the Church of England. Mr. Douthwaite quotes, from the State papers of Elizabeth's reign, some interesting examples of a sort of inquisition applied to Popishly inclined members of the Inn who eschewed the Protestant worship and privately attended the Roman Catholic Mass. The doors of the Hall and of the Library are in South-square, where two fine plane-trees partly veil the front of the Hall. This was erected in the reign of Mary, but its exterior has lost the aspect of antiquity by a facing of stucco. The interior of the Hall is very fine, 70 ft. long, with a roof 47 ft. high, of open timber construction, the beams ending in stately carved pendants, and a lantern above; with a great bay window to the right of the raised dais and four or five other windows on each side; and, at the lower end, a beautiful oaken screen, richly carved with architectural ornaments, above which is the minstrels' gallery, with another large window. This screen is said to have been a gift to the Society from Queen Elizabeth, whose glorious memory is still toasted at dinner on every Grand Day. The armorial ensigns, in the coloured windows and on the oaken wainscot, bear record of many distinguished men and families of rank; the walls are hung with portraits of Elizabeth and the Stuart Kings, of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Francis Bacon, Lord Chief Justice Coke, Yelverton, and other notable persons. The Library buildings, which have, since 1883, been extended by the new block, of red brick with stone dressings, on the side of Gray's-inn-road, are commodious and agreeable. The collection of volumes is about fifteen thousand, including all the English, Scottish, and Irish Law Reports, and a selection of American Law Reports, with all the text-books and practical treatises needful for the use of students, besides works of historical and general literature, and valuable mediæval manuscripts. Gray's Inn has not fallen behind the other Inns of Court in providing for professional studies. Within the last fifteen years the Bacon, Holt, and Arden

scholarships, for competitive examinations in English history, in common law, in the law of real property, and in equity, have been founded by this Society; and Dr. Lee, one of the Masters of the Bench, had given a yearly prize. The old Holborn Inns of Chancery, Staple Inn and Barnard's Inn, formerly allied with Gray's Inn, were described in our Journal not long ago.

THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE.

The annual general meeting of the Victoria Institute or Philosophical Society of Great Britain, which numbers 1200 English and foreign members, and has for its object the full and impartial investigation of important questions connected with philosophy and science, was held last night at the house of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi. Professor Stokes, the president of the society, occupied the chair, and there was a fair attendance of members.

The twenty-first annual report, which was read by Captain F. Petre, the hon. secretary, stated that the progress of the Institute had been steady, although less marked than usual. An increased number of those in high walks of science were being drawn into co-operation with the society, thus adding to the importance and solidity of its work. A special fund had been formed for the purposes of extending the library of reference, making the institute more widely known, publishing summaries of the society's important work throughout the world, and organising the publication of the People's Edition at home and abroad.

Professor Stokes gave an address dealing with the relation of science to religion, and in the course of his remarks he said that as in all scientific investigation we endeavour to ascend from obscure phenomena to their approximate cause, the question arose as to whether we could in a similar manner regard these causes in turn as themselves the consequence of some cause stretching still further back in the chain of causation. Thus, though we could not at present explain the cause of gravitation, it might be explicable by what were called second causes. There was a stage in scientific investigation beyond which we did not see our way to go any further, and yet when we were unable to demonstrate that, further progress was impossible. It was on other grounds that we were led to believe in a Being who was the cause of nature, and when that was accepted, the study of science served to enlarge our ideas respecting His greatness.

A wedding took place recently on the Northern Pacific Railway in Idaho Territory. A widow from Minneapolis travelled westward by Pullman car, and at a place called Rathdrum she found a well-to-do grocer of fifty awaiting her at midnight. She had got a divorce a month previously, and was now willing to make a new venture. The bridegroom's intention was to get married on the train after it passed the Idaho boundary into Washington territory, and he had a local minister with him to perform the ceremony. While waiting at Rathdrum, however, an Idaho Justice of the Peace arrived opportunely, and his services were at once enlisted. This functionary made the couple join hands, asked the two usual questions whether each accepted the other, and then pronounced them man and wife. The bride took off a travelling "duster," and showed her wedding-dress to an admiring throng. On the way she had read such consolatory literature as "Tangled Lives," "Wooded and Married," "Lost and Won."

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BIRTH.

On the 9th ult., at Thandiani, Punjab, the wife of Colonel Kinloch, King's Royal Rifle Corps, of a son.

DEATH.

On the 14th inst., at No. 47, Eastbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, Martha F. McLaughlin, second daughter of the late T. M. McLaughlin, of Valparaiso, Chili, aged 53 years.
* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

GOODWOOD RACES.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.
SATURDAY, JULY 23, and MONDAY, JULY 25, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant (for Hayling Island), Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).
SPECIAL TRAINS FOR SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only, will leave VICTORIA, SATURDAY, JULY 23, at 1.0 p.m., and 6.30 p.m., and MONDAY, JULY 25, at 6.40 a.m., 7.50 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria 7.30 a.m., Kensington 7.10 a.m., London Bridge 7.35 a.m. Return Fares, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., and 10s. 10d.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Victoria 9 a.m., Kensington 8.40 a.m., and London Bridge 9.15 a.m. Return Fares 2s. and 20s.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. (Return Fares, 30s.).

FORTNIGHTLY TICKETS for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Race Meetings—First Class Tickets (not transferable), available from Saturday, July 23 to Saturday, Aug. 6, inclusive—Price FIVE POUNDS.

TICKETS for the Special Trains, also the Fortnightly Tickets, may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; and at the West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square, which offices will remain open till 10 p.m. on July 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, and 30.
(By Order) A. SAILLE, Secretary and General Manager.

CHEAP CIRCULAR TOURS TO BELGIUM
(the Ardennes), Holland, the Rhine, and Moselle, Switzerland, &c. The Boat Expresses leave Liverpool-street Station at 8 p.m. every Weekday, and Doncaster at 4.48 p.m. (in connection with Express Trains from Liverpool, Manchester, and the North), running alongside the Great Eastern Company's Steamers at Harwich (Parkston Quay) for Antwerp and Rotterdam.

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EDMUND YATES, in "His Recollections

and Experiences," vol. 1, page 231, says—"I could not

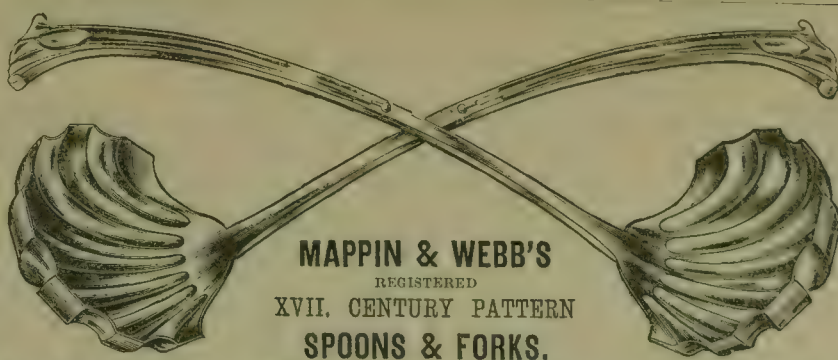
afford good wine, and would not give bad; but there was

some Irish Whiskey which I procured through Maxine Reid

("Cushmilla" was its name), which was highly esteemed."

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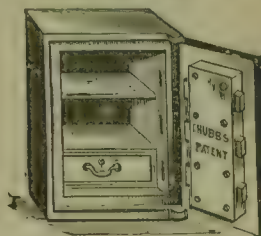
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Dated this 8th July, 1887. ALFRED RAWLINSON, Chief Clerk. WM. HY. NICHOLLS, 10, Lincoln's Inn-fields, London, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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WRITING in the "World" of Dec. 22, 1886, EDMUND YATES, says:—"Mention made in certain reminiscences of mind and character, and wholesome alcoholic stimulant called 'Bushmill's' Whiskey, has led the proprietors of the famous distillery in Belfast to assure me that their alcohol is still extant in its pristine excellence, and, to confirm the assurance, send me a specimen of their produce. 'All talls,' we are assured by Mr. Stiggins, 'is winty,' but I am glad to find that a favourite 'winty' of my youth is as well as an invigorant as when first introduced to my notice by my old friend, Captain Mayne Reid."—Address Orders to The Bushmill's Old Distillery Company (Limited), 1, Hill-street, Belfast.

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DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"Let it be well understood," said Miser Farebrother to his daughter, "I am nothing to them, and they are nothing to me."

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIP," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

MISER FAREBROTHER ENVIES FAUST.



BY the time that Phoebe was eighteen years of age, Jeremiah Pamflett was firmly established in Miser Farebrother's office in London. In the miser's shrewd eyes he had justified the praise his mother had bestowed upon him. A sly, smarter manager Miser Farebrother could scarcely hope to have. Even the miser himself could not be more exacting with tardy borrowers, or more grinding in the collecting of rents; for Miser Farebrother had now a great many houses in the poor localities of the metropolis, which, at the rents for which he let them, paid him a high rate of interest for his outlay. He had not, in the first instance, purchased these houses, nor had he ever drifted into the folly of building one. It was property he had advanced money upon which had not been repaid, and as he had calculated all the chances beforehand, lending at an exorbitant interest, and draining, so to speak, the hearts' blood of his customers, he made rare bargains in this line. Had he followed his own inclination, he would have trusted no man to manage his business; but rheumatism and neuralgic pains were firmly settled in his bones, and frequently for days together he was unable to move out of Parkside. Then Jeremiah Pamflett would come down to him with papers and books, and they would remain closeted together for hours going over the accounts. He had his own private sets of books in Parkside, and he turned Phoebe to account in making them up and in writing for him. This was not a regular, but a fitful, employment with the young girl, and her father was satisfied to spare her to go to London to the house of Aunt Leth in Camden Town, to whom she paid long visits. In that house it may be truly said that Phoebe enjoyed the sunshine of life. Aunt Leth, who taught her own children at home—not caring to send them to school, and not being rich enough to afford a private governess or a tutor for them—taught Phoebe also, and the firmest bonds of love were cemented between them. When Mrs. Lethbridge had married, her house was

not at all badly furnished; friends and relatives of her husband had made them many useful household presents, and Mr. Lethbridge had received from his father a special sum to be expended on house-furniture. Although but little of a worldly man, Mr. Lethbridge had purchased furniture of a substantial description, and the care taken of it by his good wife made it quite respectable-looking, even after long years of wear and tear. Perhaps the most acceptable of all the wedding presents was a famous piano from a generous uncle, which she cherished and preserved. It was, indeed, to her almost as a living member of her family, and she grew to have a strong affection for it. This will be understood by those who love music as Mrs. Lethbridge did. More and more endeared to them did this treasure become to them with age, and numberless were the pleasant evenings it afforded them—especially in the springtime of life, when the hearts of the young people were filled with sweet dreams. By its means they learnt to sing and dance, and poor and struggling as the home of the Lethbridges actually was—evidences of which, mind you, were never seen by others than themselves—there were hours spent in it which richer people might have envied.

Miser Farebrother was content. Phoebe was obtaining an education which did not cost him a shilling, and the meals she ate in her aunt's house were a saving to him. Aunt Leth also was quite a skilful dressmaker, and she made all Phoebe's dresses. A cunning milliner too. Phoebe's hats and bonnets, albeit inexpensive, were marvels of prettiness. All this was worth a deal to Miser Farebrother, who grudged every shilling it cost him to live. He gave nothing to the Lethbridges in return, nor was he asked to give anything. Since Phoebe was fourteen years of age Aunt Leth had not set foot inside the gates of Parkside.

"Let it be well understood," said Miser Farebrother to his daughter, "I am nothing to them, and they are nothing to me. If they expect me to do anything for them they will be disappointed, and they will have only themselves to blame for it."

"They don't expect you to do anything for them," said Phoebe, with a flush of shame on her face. "They never so much as give it a thought."

"How should they—how should they?" retorted Miser Farebrother. "It would be so unnatural, wouldn't it? so very unnatural, they being poor, as they say they are, and I being rich, as they think I am! They do say they're poor, now, don't they?"

"No," said Phoebe, considering; "I never remember their saying so. But they have as much as ever they can do to get along nicely. I know that, without being told."

"So have we all, more than ever we can do. I can't get along nicely. Everything goes wrong with me—everything; and everybody tries to cheat me. If I wasn't as sharp as a weasel we shouldn't have a roof over our heads. It's the cunning of your aunt and uncle that they don't complain. They say to themselves, 'That old miser, Farebrother'—they do call me an 'old miser,' don't they, eh?" he asked, suddenly breaking off.

"I never heard them, father."

"But they think it," said Miser Farebrother, looking at Phoebe, slyly, "and that's worse—ever so much worse. With

people who speak out, you know where you are; it's the quiet, cunning ones you have to beware of. They say to themselves, 'That old miser, Farebrother, will see through us if we complain to his daughter. He'll think we want him to give us some of his money, and that wouldn't please him, he's so fond of it. It will be by far the best to let Phoebe tell him of her own accord, and work upon his feelings in an accidental way, and then perhaps he'll send us a pound or two.' Oh, I know these clever people—I know them well, and can read them through and through. I should like to back them for cunning against some very sharp persons."

"You do them a great injustice, father. They are the dearest people in all the wide world."

"Of course they are—of course they are," said Miser Farebrother, with a dry laugh. "They have been successful in making you believe it, at all events. That proves their cunning; it's part of their plan."

"It is not," said Phoebe, warmly; "they have no plan of the kind, and as to saying that they have led me on to speak to you about their troubles, and work upon your feelings, you couldn't imagine anything farther from the truth."

"Their troubles, eh!—they let you know they have troubles?"

"If you mean that they wish to get me to talk about them to you, no, father; they haven't let me know in that way. I can see them myself, without being told; and no one can help loving Aunt Leth for her patience and cleverness. Upon my word, it's perfectly wonderful how she manages upon the salary Uncle Leth gets from the bank. Now, father, you know that you yourself have led me on to speak of this." (When Phoebe was excited she emphasised a great many words, so that there should be no possibility of her meaning being mistaken.) "I didn't commence it; you did."

"No, Phoebe; it was you that commenced it."

"How could I, when I never said a word?"

"I saw what was in your mind, Phoebe. You were going to ask me for something for them; it's no use your denying it. I knew it when you shifted about the room, moving things that didn't require moving, and then moving them back again, and keeping on looking at me every now and then when you thought 'I wasn't looking at you. Oh; I was watching you when you least expected it. I am not easily deceived, and not often mistaken, Phoebe, eh?"

This was embarrassing, and Phoebe could not help a little laugh escaping her; for it was a fact that she was watching for a favourable opportunity to ask her father a favour in connection with her relatives. He, observing her furtively from under his brows, perceived that his shot had taken effect, and he waited for Phoebe to continue the conversation, enjoying her discomfiture, and secretly resolving that the Lethbridges should not get a penny from him, not a penny. Phoebe was in hopes that he would assist her out of her dilemma, and throw out a hint upon which she could improve; but her father did not utter a word, and she was herself compelled to break the silence.

"Well, father, I was going to say something about Aunt and Uncle Leth and my cousins."

"I knew you were."

"I have been there a great deal, and they have been very kind to me. If I ever forget their kindness I shall be the most

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ungrateful girl in the world. Think of the years I have been going to their house, and stopping there, and always being made welcome!"

"Stop a minute, Phæbe," interrupted her father. "'Think of the years!'—yes, yes—you are getting"—and now he regarded her more attentively than he had done for a long time past, and seemed to be surprised at a discovery which forced itself upon him—"you are getting quite a woman—quite a woman!"

"Yes, father," said Phæbe, quietly and modestly; "I shall be eighteen next Saturday. Aunt Leth was saying only last week how like I was to my dear mamma."

Miser Farebrother rose and hobbled across the room and back. It was with difficulty he did this, his bones were so stiff; but when Phæbe stepped forward to assist him, he motioned her angrily away. He accepted, however, the crutch-stick which she handed to him; he could not get along without it, but he snatched it from her pettishly. Her mention of her mother disturbed and irritated him. He recalled the few days of her unhappy life at Parkside, and the picture of her deathbed recurred to his mind with vivid force. There was a reproach in it which he could not banish or avoid. At length he sank into his arm-chair, coughing and groaning, and averting his eyes from Phæbe. She was accustomed to his humours, and she stood at the table patiently, biding his time.

"You have made me forget what I was about to say," he began.

"I am sorry, father."

"You are not sorry; you are glad. You are always thwarting and going against me. What makes you speak to me of your mother in a voice of reproach? Tell me that. You have been egged on to it?" And he thumped his crutch-stick viciously on the floor.

"I have not been egged on to it," said Phæbe, with spirit; "and it is entirely a fancy of yours that I spoke in a tone of reproach."

"It is no fancy; I am never wrong—never. Your mother died when you were almost a baby in arms. You have no remembrance of her; it isn't possible that you can remember her."

"I do not remember her, father," said Phæbe, with a touch of sadness in her tone; "but Aunt Leth has a portrait of her, which I often and often look at, and I am glad to know that I am like her. You surely can't be displeased at that?"

"Aunt Leth, Aunt Leth, Aunt Leth!" he exclaimed fretfully; and then, with unreasonable vehemence, "Why do you try to irritate me?"

"I do not try," said Phæbe, "and I do not thwart and go against you."

"You do—in everything. You don't care to please me; you don't take the least trouble to carry out my wishes. Being confined, on and off, to this house for years by my cursed rheumatism, unable, as you know, to go to my London office, and forced to trust to a man who may be robbing me secretly all the time he is in my service, I have endeavoured to train you to be of some assistance to me, and to make up my accounts here when I am too weak and in too much pain to make them up for myself. What has been the result? Upon looking over the papers you have written I have seldom found one of them correct. Nothing but errors in the casting-up and in the calculations of interest—errors which would have been the ruin of me had I taken your work for granted. It wouldn't matter so much if your mistakes were in my favour, but they are not; they are always against me. The sum total is always too little instead of too much. Is this what I have a right to expect from a child I have nourished and fed?"

"I can't help it, father. I have told you over and over again that I have no head for figures."

"No head for figures!" he muttered. "Where should I be, I'd like to know, if I had no head for figures? In the work-house, where you'll drive me to in the end. You will be satisfied then, eh?"

"I cannot help it, father," Phæbe repeated. "I never could add up so as to be depended upon; I never could calculate interest; I never could subtract or multiply. If it hadn't been for Aunt Leth, I don't believe I should ever have been able to read or write at all."

"Oh, you throw that in my teeth, because I was too poor to afford a governess for you?"

"Not at all, father. You do what you think is best, I dare say. I only mention it out of justice to Aunt Leth, of whom you have not a good opinion."

"How do you know that? Have I ever troubled myself about her at all? Did I commence this, or you? Am I in the habit of dragging her name into our conversations for the purpose of speaking ill of her?"

"Neither of speaking ill or well, father. That is what I complain of. After what she has done for me you might have acted differently towards her."

"Ah, it's coming now. She has egged you on!"

"She has not!" said Phæbe, stamping her foot; her loyal nature was deeply wounded by these shafts aimed at one she loved so well. "She hasn't the slightest idea that I had it in my mind to speak to you at all about her; and I have had it in my mind for a long time past."

"I remember now what I was going to say a minute ago. We will go upon sure ground, you, I, and your precious aunt and uncle. We will have no delusions. They think I am rich, eh?"

"They have never said a word about your money; they are too high-minded."

"But they do think I am rich. Now, I'll let you into a secret, and you can let them into it. You may let all the world into it if you like. I am not rich: I am a pauper; and when I die you will find yourself a beggar."

"Aunt Leth will give me a home, father, when it comes to that."

"That's your affection!—taking the idea of my death so coolly. But I am not going to die yet, my girl—not yet, not yet! Why, there was a man who grew to be old, much older than I am, and who was suddenly made young and handsome and well-formed, with any amount of money at his command!"

"Oh, hush, father! These are wicked thoughts. You make me tremble."

"Why do you provoke me, then?" he cried, raising his crutch-stick as though he would like to strike her. "You see how I am suffering, and you haven't a spark of feeling in you. Haven't I enough to put up with already, without being irritated by my own flesh and blood? There was such a man, and there's no harm in speaking of him. What was his name? This infernal rheumatism drives everything out of my head. What was his name?"

"Faust."

"You have read about him?"

"Yes; and I went to the theatre and saw the most lovely opera about it. I can play nearly all the music in it."

"You can play, eh? How did you manage that? Who gave you lessons?"

"Aunt Leth. She has a beautiful piano."

"You never told me you had been to the theatre."

"I have told you often that I have been with Aunt and Uncle Leth to different theatres."

"But to this particular one, where the opera was played?"

"Yes; I told you, father. You must have forgotten it."

"The opera! An expensive amusement, which only rich people can afford. Your aunt took you, of course?"

"Yes."

"And she is poor, eh?—so very, very poor that it is quite wonderful how she manages!"

"She had a ticket given to her for a box that almost touched the ceiling. She could not afford to pay for it. Every time she has taken me to a theatre, it is with a ticket given to her by Uncle Leth's relations. She is poor."

"And I am poorer. If you have read about Faust—if you go to the theatre and see him, why do you call me wicked for simply speaking of him? Is there really any truth in it, I wonder? There are strange things in the world. Could life and youth be bought? If it could, if it could"—He paused, and looked around with trembling eagerness.

Phæbe was too much frightened to speak for a little while, her father's eager looks and words terrified her. In a few minutes he recovered himself, and said coldly,

"Finish about your aunt and uncle."

"Yes, father; I will. It isn't much I want. Next Saturday is my birthday, and Uncle Leth comes home early from his bank. He has never been to Parkside; and Aunt Leth hasn't been here for years. May I ask them to come in the evening?"

"Is that all—you are sure that is all?"

"Yes; that is all."

Miser Farebrother felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his heart. He had been apprehensive that Phæbe intended to ask him to lend them a sum of money.

"They wished me," said Phæbe, "to spend my birthday at their house; but I thought I should like them to come here instead. They made a party for me last year, and the year before last, too; and it is so mean to be always taking and never giving."

"I don't agree with you. If people like to give, it shows they get a pleasure out of it, and it is folly to prevent them. But if you've set your heart upon it, Phæbe"—

"Yes; I have, father."

"Well, you can ask them; unless," he added, with a sudden suspicion, "you have already arranged everything."

"Nothing is arranged. Thank you, father."

"They will come after tea, I suppose?"

"No," said Phæbe, blushing for shame: "they will come before tea."

"Will they bring it with them?"

"Oh, father!"

"What do you mean by 'Oh, father!'? I can't afford to give parties. I can't afford to go to the theatres. If people have orders given to them they have to pay for them somehow."

"I can give them a cup of tea, surely, father?"

"I suppose you must," he grumbled. "We shall have to make up for it afterwards. What are you looking at me so strangely for?"

"I should like to buy a cake for tea," said Phæbe, piteously; she was almost ready to cry, but she tried to force a smile as she added, "and I have just twopenny for my fortune. Look, father: here is my purse. That won't pay for a cake, will it? Give me something for a birthday present."

"To waste in cakes," he said, with a wry face. "Where should I have been if I had been so reckless? But you'll worry me to death, I suppose, if I refuse." He unlocked a drawer, and took out a little packet, which he untied. There were ten two-shilling pieces in it, and he gave Phæbe one of them, weighing them first in his hand, and selecting the lightest and oldest. "There. Never tell anybody that I am not generous to you."

Phæbe turned the florin over in the palm of her hand, and eyed it dubiously; but she brightened up presently, and kissing her father, left the room with a cheerful face.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY-DREAMER IN LONDON STREETS.

Now, as to the Lethbridges, concerning whose characters and peculiarities it is necessary to say something more.

There was Mrs. Lethbridge, whom we already know, affectionately called Aunt Leth, not only by Phæbe, but by a great many young people who were on terms of friendship with her. And to be on such terms with such a woman was worth while, for she was not only a magnet that attracted love, she was a sun that bestowed it. There was Mr. Lethbridge, for the same reason called Uncle Leth by his young friends, and delighting in being so called. There was Fanny Lethbridge, their only daughter, between whom and Phæbe passed, under the seal of sacred secrecy, the most delicious confidences. Lastly, there was Robert Lethbridge, their only son, a young gentleman of vague and unlimited views, just entering into the serious business of life, and who, when things were perfectly smooth between him and his cousin Phæbe, was addressed as Bob, and at other times, according to the measure of dignity deemed necessary, as Robert or Cousin Robert. But it was generally Bob.

Mrs. Lethbridge, on her last birthday, forty-four; Mr. Lethbridge, on his last birthday, forty-eight; Fanny, on her last birthday, nineteen (with many a sigh at being compelled to bid farewell to teens); Robert, on his last birthday, twenty-two. These comprised the family.

To hark back for a moment. It was an undoubted love-match with Aunt and Uncle Leth. He, a bank clerk, with limited income; she, a young lady, with no income at all. That was of small account, however. Cupid—the real one, not the counterfeit—does not pause to consider. They had a boundless income in their love, and they drew large cheques upon it. Expectations they had none, except that of being happy. Unlike the majority of expectations, theirs was fulfilled.

Outwardly and inwardly happy. For instance: their honeymoon. Was there ever a honeymoon like it, though it was not spent on the Continent? Never. It was their opinion, and if you dispute it you do so upon insufficient evidence. Then, their children. Parents never drew sweeter delight from their offspring than they from theirs. It is a species of delight which cannot be bought, being far more precious than silver and gold, and in the hourly and daily return for love invested, it proclaims itself an incomparable speculation. Robert came first, Fanny next. This was as it should be. The boy to protect the girl, who, of the two, was infinitely the wiser. This is often the case with boys and girls.

The loving couple had a hard fight of it, and much to learn. They buckled to with willingness and cheerfulness; took their rubs lightly; and spread their pleasures so that they lasted a long time—not making light of them, as some do, and thus depriving themselves of the greater part of the enjoyment to be derived from them. As an example: a visit to the theatre, for which they were now able to obtain "orders." But it was not so during the first years of their married life. The contemplated visit used to be planned weeks beforehand, discussed, laughed over, enjoyed in the anticipation; but not half so much as in the realisation. As to which theatre, now, and which play? The grave conversations they had on the point! It was really worth while

listening to them. Those nights were gala nights. After the theatre, a bit of supper, perhaps—occasionally, but rarely—in a restaurant. The careful study of the bill-of-fare; the selection of the modest dishes; the merry words with which they banished the expensive ones and chose the cheapest: nothing could be more delightful, nothing more truly enjoyable. They went out to meet the sun, and revelled in its beams. Worth laying to heart this.

Their income of a hundred and eighty sufficed. They could not save money—but what a mine was the future!

Of the two, the one who drew most largely upon it was Mr. Lethbridge. The extraordinary demands he made upon it, and the extraordinary readiness with which his demands were met! It will be not unpleasant to linger a little over this phase of his character, premising, for lucidity, that in all London could not be found a brighter, more agreeable, day-dreamer.

Thus, Walking to the bank to save the bus fare, Mr. Lethbridge beguiled the way. He had kissed his wife and Fanny, and saw them smiling at the window, and waving their hands to him as he passed the house. He went on his way rejoicing, and straightway began to dream.

What is this he hears? A meeting of the bank directors is being held. A messenger appears before Mr. Lethbridge's desk.

"The directors wish to see you, Sir."

He prepares to obey the call, leaves his papers and books in order, pulls up his shirt collar, pulls down his cuffs, straightens himself generally, and presents himself in the board-room. There they are, the great magnates, all before him. The chairman, white-haired, gold-spectacled, pleasant-voiced. Others of the directors also white-haired, gold-spectacled, and pleasant-voiced. Comfortable-looking gentlemen of the highest respectability, with country houses, carriages and horses, first class railway tickets, and famous cellars of wine—all plainly visible in their shirt-fronts and gold watch-chains. They gaze at him in approval. He bows to them. The chairman bends his head slightly, and smiles a welcome. The other directors follow suit. They bend their heads slightly, and smile a welcome. It is really very pleasant.

"Take a seat, Mr. Lethbridge. We wish to say a few words to you."

He sinks into a chair, and waits for the chairman to unfold himself. The chairman coughs to clear his voice.

"You have served the bank, Mr. Lethbridge, man and boy, for twenty-eight years."

Quite true. He entered the bank before he made the acquaintance of his dear wife. As he sits in the board-room, facing the gentlemen who can make or unmake him, he sees the young maid he wooed and won. He sees her as she was and as she is, girl and woman. What a beautiful girl she was! A memorable day in their courtship comes back to him. They spent it in the country, on a visit to an aunt of hers, who had a farm. He sees the dress she wore, a light pink, with ravishing ribbons about it, and the Leghorn hat, with its white feather, and the brooch he gave her. Better than all, her bright face and eyes, beautified by the sweetness of a young maiden's springtime. There was the journey by rail—a carriage all to themselves, by reason of his tipping the guard; the rambles in the wood, picking wild flowers; the two meals in the farmhouse; the evening walk, with its innocent love-making; the ride home, quiet and happy,—a fairy day, never to be forgotten! It was not the only holiday they had, but it was the sweetest and most memorable. And now there was their dear daughter Fanny, the image of the mother in her young days; and Bob, who would be getting along famously presently. There was not a grey hair in his head then, and now—well, there is nothing to regret, and everything to be grateful for. It is worth while growing old when a man has children about him like Fanny and Bob, and such a mate as he has. Indeed, it is altogether the best thing that can happen to a man. In the meantime the chairman of the bank is addressing him.

"We have observed you for many years, Mr. Lethbridge, and are happy to express our approval of the manner in which you have performed your duties."

What could be better than that? How delighted they will be at home when he tells them!

"Always punctual at your post, Mr. Lethbridge. Never an error in your accounts. We have had no occasion to complain of the slightest irregularity."

Positive facts, and although not mentioned till now, carefully noted by those in authority over him. Of that there could be no doubt; but how pleasant and agreeable it was to hear it! He had always been confident that his time would come.

"As a substantial mark of our approval, Mr. Lethbridge, we offer you the desk of our second chief cashier, who is about to retire on a pension. You will take his place at the end of the present month, and your salary will be six hundred pounds per annum."

The chairman rises and shakes hands with him; the other directors rise and shake hands with him; he retires from the board-room, filled with joy. Everybody in the bank congratulates him: he has not an enemy in the establishment.

Being now in the enjoyment of a salary more than three times as large as that upon which he and his wife have had to manage since their marriage, he proceeds to the disposal of it. A little extravagance is allowable; he must work down his feelings somehow. A new dress suit for himself, a new black silk for his wife. His dress suit had lasted him for Heaven knows how long, and his wife's black silk has been made over and turned till it really could not be made over and turned again. Bob shall have the gold watch he has been promised since childhood, and which father's ship—which certainly has made the longest passage on record—has been bringing home for the last dozen years. It was always, "When my ship comes home, my boy; when my ship comes home," with a smile, sometimes tinged with just a touch of wistfulness; but now it has arrived, and all is well. Fanny shall be suitably provided for. For wife and daughter, each, one dozen pairs of kid gloves, four button, eight button, a hundred button if they like; new bonnets, mantles, and boots; and also for each a ten-pound note, in a new purse, to do just as they please with. Phæbe, also, must not be forgotten. She shall have new gloves, and bonnet, and mantle, and boots, and money in a new purse. He goes out with them to make the purchases, and they have the most delightfully grave consultations and discussions. And just as the shopkeeper in Regent-street is pressing upon him a most extraordinary bargain in the shape of a new silk—

Yes, just at that moment Mr. Lethbridge arrives at the Bank, punctual, as usual, to the minute. He is in the best of spirits. His walk from Camden Town has been as good as a play. Better; for he is convinced that his dreams will come true one of these fine days. What does it matter a week or two sooner or later?

(To be continued.)

The triennial fête of the London School Board schools was held at the Crystal Palace yesterday week. Some 25,000 children were present.

A CENTURY AGO.

JULY, 1787.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is expected this morning to set off for Brighthelmstone. The Marine Pavilion is now ready for his reception." So says the *World* of July 5; but, as a matter of fact, he did not arrive at Brighton until nearly midnight of the sixth; so late, indeed, that the inhabitants were unaware of his coming, and had to postpone their illuminations until the next day. I mention this, as it was the commencement of Brighton (or, as it is well termed, London-super-Mare), as we know it. How crude it was then compared to its present state may be well learned from the accompanying illustration by Rowlandson, in 1787: "Embarking from Brighthelmstone to Dieppe." Yet, with Margate and Dover, it was one of the starting-places for the Continent, and this year, especially, it was noticed in the newspapers that more people sailed for France from those places than ever was known of at the same time previously. Times have changed since then, and anyone taking a vacation on the Continent in June or July would now be considered, certainly, as unfashionable. Brighton, of course, became the centre of fashion; and the Prince's friends, Hanger, Morris, *et hoc genus omne*, followed in his train, and their doings are carefully noted in the papers.

An interesting item of news is in the *Morning Chronicle* of July 2, 1787: "The Dissenters are establishing an University of their own; a large house and extensive grounds have been purchased at Hackney for £5600, to which a wing is to be added, and they have £9000 in hand. An anonymous benefactor, who chooses to be concealed, has just sent them £500, for which their gratitude is expressed in the newspapers." The expense of board, lodging, and tuition, for each session, is sixty guineas, to such as are not on the foundation."

Early in the month—i.e., on July 4—Sir George Augustus Elliott was raised to the Peerage under the title of Baron Heathfield, of Bayly Place, Sussex. Our gratitude to him ought to be as vivid as a century ago, for he kept Gibraltar for us. And no mean man was he. He had been Aide-de-Camp to George II.; was wounded at Dettingen; and, before taking the command at Gibraltar, had been Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Needless to say, he was fêted here to any extent when he paid a brief visit to England in 1787.

There was a sport just being resuscitated, which is as popular in this month as it was a hundred years since—namely, archery. Of course, we all know the renown of the English archers, until "villainous saltpetre" revolutionised the use of the bow and made it a mere pastime. For a time it slept; but it began to assert itself, and under somewhat distinguished patronage, as the following from the *World* of July 6, 1787, will show:—"Archery, though an exercise not much heard of, yet is not out of use. There are some men of fashion who still amuse themselves this way, and want practice only to shoot well with the bow and arrow. Lord Aylesford, Lord St. Asaph, Lord Effingham, Mr. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Fitzroy, are all fond of it. Mr. Haworth, of Chancery-lane, is, perhaps, the best shot in London."



The following hardly reads like a century ago, it is too vivid and too modern, such as one might expect to see any morning in the paper:—"Cork. On the night of Friday, the 15th inst., seven horses were cropped, and their ears cut close to their heads, in and near Sarfield's Court, within four miles of this city." And again, in the same column of the same newspaper:—"Dublin. Yesterday morning, at one o'clock, Mr. Justice Graham, accompanied by a troop of the Green Horse, surprised in his bed James McNally, of Rush, who stands charged before that Justice with treason and murder; but eluded justice a considerable time, owing to the lawless neighbourhood of Rush."

These chronicles of old times must necessarily be various, so that no surprise need be felt if I next notice the germ of the greatest naval revolution ever known. In this month, John Wilkinson, ironmaster, of Bradley Forge (whose copper tokens are well known to collectors), sent the first boat made of iron to Birmingham, via canal, loaded with about twenty-three tons of iron. It was about the same dimensions as the other canal-boats—viz., 70 ft. long and 6 ft. 8½ in. beam. It was made of plates, ½ of an inch thick, riveted together; but the stern-post was of wood, and the gunwale was lined with, and the beams made of, wood. When empty, it drew about eight or nine inches of water. This was the humble forerunner of all our ironclads, and of the present Merchant Navy of the whole world.

There is mention made of a curious land-tenure, which deserves a passing notice. Dr. Thomas Thurlow, was made Bishop of Durham; and on his entrance into his see, he was met by John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., as representative of his brother, Sir Edward Blackett, of Matfen, and he, according to ancient custom, handed the Bishop a sword, saying: "Sir Edward Blackett, Baronet, now represents the person of Sir John Conyers, who, in the year 1063, in the fields of Sockburn, with this falchion, slew a monstrous creature, a dragon, a worm, or a flying serpent, that devoured men, women, and children. The owner of Sockburn, as a reward for his bravery, gave him the manor, with its appurtenances, for him and his heirs to hold for ever, on condition that he meets the Lord Bishop of Durham on his first entrance into his diocese after his appointment to that see." His Lordship received and returned the sword, with many handsome compliments.

Here is a notice with an old-world flavour about it:—"July 11. Yesterday, one Sedgeley, an attorney, of the New Inn, who some time back was convicted of perjury, stood an hour on the pillory in Russell-street, Covent-garden; after which he was conducted to Newgate, where he is to be imprisoned two years."

Fishing anecdotes are notorious for their elasticity, but there is one told in the *World* of July 14 which will take

some beating: "Tuesday se'nnight, at morning tide, one of the largest sturgeons ever remembered came up the river of Ross, in the county of Wexford, Ireland: it measured six feet seven inches from nose to tail, and was of an enormous bulk in waist. On opening the stomach, about twenty pounds weight of different kinds of small fish were found, together with an enamelled gold ring, on which were the letters, I.C., 1768." This fish should have been cooked after a receipt given in the *Morning Chronicle* of July 25: "Friday last, a set of Epicurean Virtuosi dined on one of the largest salmons that has appeared for many years, in this or any other Kingdom. It weighed fifty-two pounds, was roasted whole, with three dozen of whittings, and six large mackerel in the belly."



Ballooning was a novelty, and still remains in about the same condition as it was a century ago: nay, in some measure, it has retrograded, the parachute having disappeared. Yet, in those very early days of aeronautics (Montgolfier making his first ascent at Paris, Aug. 27, 1783), Blanchard was not afraid to risk his life in one, as we see by the *Universal Magazine* of July 26:—"A letter from Nancy, in France, informs us that on July 1 Mons. Blanchard ascended with two balloons, amidst an incredible number of spectators. In less than three minutes he rose to an extraordinary height, and, piercing the clouds, totally disappeared for about five minutes, when M. Blanchard, as he had previously announced, opened the valve of one of his balloons, which rapidly descended, and, getting out of the boat, he opened his large parachute, by which he descended, one league from the place where he set out. . . . The next day, in the afternoon, he promised another ascension; but, the wind being too high, he sent up a little dog in a basket, about three thousand feet high, when the parachute, opening, let it down with ease, unhurt." The illustration is from a contemporary print, and gives a good idea of the parachute.

Here is a specimen of the manners of the times:—"The following humorous circumstance is said to have happened, lately, in the vicinity of Charing-cross. Two ladies of considerable distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's; one of them only got out. The coach stood across the causeway. Some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little; the fellow was surly, and refused; the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the door of the shop, and foolishly ordered the coachman not to stir from his place. One of the gentlemen, without hesitation, opened the coach door, and, with boots and spurs on, went through the carriage. He was followed by his companions, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within, as well as the lady without. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming by observed, *in their way*, that, if it was a thoroughfare, why might not they go through, as well as the *gentlemen*?—which the whole party actually did. The lady had some difficulty to get into her carriage, as a mob was soon collected to enjoy the scene."

The following paragraph treats of a little episode of the road, which varies slightly from the common ruck of highway robberies:—"A few days since, as two gentlemen and two ladies were returning from Vauxhall, about three o'clock in the morning, near Lambeth, they were assaulted by three men, armed with large club sticks, who jumped out of a coach, and knocked down both the gentlemen, and would have robbed them, if the cries of the ladies had not brought assistance, on which they got into the coach and made their escape. This attempt was made within 200 yards of a watch-box, where a watchman was leaning over the door, who, with great difficulty, was prevailed upon to ring the alarm bell, and when he did, it was too late to apprehend them." They should have had to deal with those Irishmen who are described in a letter from Dublin, July 14:—"There is a sort of club at a place south in the vicinity of the metropolis, who have made it a practice to discharge pistols at a card marked only with the ace of any colour, to keep the hand in practice for dispatching, one time or other, their man. One day in the course of last week some of these bloods, seeing one of his comrades often fire very wide of his mark, offered to stand a shot, for a wager of ten guineas, if his friend doubled his distance, which might have been about sixteen paces. The wager was closed, and the iron-headed gentleman who made the bet took his station, while his friend traversed the ground, and discharged his pistol. The joke was concluded with the lodgment of a ball in the wagger's right thigh." J. A.

The Duke of Teck presided on Thursday week at the annual meeting of the Council of the Amateur Photographic Society, at 12, Old Bond-street. The first prize, a silver goblet, was awarded to Mr. Herbert E. White; and other prizes were awarded to Mrs. Hobson, Mr. W. Muller, Mr. George Brook, Mr. Hobson, Mr. R. C. Milne, Mr. R. Leventhorpe, Mr. W. Warner, Baron Alfred Liebig, and others.

The stonework of the very large window in the south transept of Chester Cathedral is complete, and the openings are being filled with elaborate stained glass by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of Garrick-street, London. The window is a memorial to the late William Tatton, first Baron Egerton of Tatton, by his son, the present Baron. Mr. A. W. Blomfield designed the new stonework and superintended the stained glass.

A HIGHLAND STRATH.

There is no more delightful spot on earth in summer than a Highland strath. Between broad slopes of purple heather, with dark hills in the distance, one suddenly comes upon a deep valley, from the bottom of which rises that melancholy, never-to-be-forgotten noise peculiar to the mountain stream. At night especially, when all is still, its inexpressibly weird sound seems to strike from the shores of another world. In daylight, of course, a person escapes any feeling of uncanniness, and the paradise which opens up to view affords unmixed bliss. Birch and hazel cover the slopes on either side of the twisting stream; looking down the valley we get a peep at the sea; looking up, the winding, wooded slopes gradually widen out until they disappear in a wide expanse of moorland at the base of a range of hills. The beauty of the distant scene, however, has only a poor chance of winning admiration on account of other charms that lie so much nearer. The sweet scent of the birch, the hum of the busy humble-bee, and the chatter of various birds arrest the wandering fancy. Then a mavis, loud and clear, bursts into song, the rising and falling of its speckled breast showing what earnest effort goes to the making up of its melody.

Descending the heathery bank, you thread your way through the trees, running the risk of a tumble at almost every step. In the worst places it is necessary to cling to the dwarfed, gnarled branches for support. Some way down, where the soil is richer, green patches appear among the heather. Here brackens grow luxuriantly, into which, at your approach, rabbits dart for cover. Woodruff and primroses are met with among the scrub, but the proper primrose quarter is towards the level, near the waterside, where they grow to a greater size and develop more perfect flowers than they do anywhere else. Under cultivation the primrose is disappointing, because its petals are so liable to get covered with dust or eaten by insects. In the natural environment on the strath it thrives best, for there its stems are long, its leaves broad and complete, while the plants are so numerous that ground vegetation is buried under masses of yellow. The primrose is a "capital" flower, that can fight for a place, and win it from much bigger though poorer neighbours. Just dig a plant out and examine it for yourself. What is this knotted thing that it has deposited in the bank—for all the world like one of those old-fashioned purses that our forefathers used? That's the root, says somebody who doesn't know better, regardless of the fact that the true roots are attached to the mysterious deposit. That deposit is really a hoard of wealth laid up by the thrifty primrose for its own private purposes. Most flowers are like most people: they spend all their income as they go along. Not so with the primrose—it deposits whatever it can save in its purse in the bank, and therefore reaps the advantages of being a capitalist. Early in spring, when other plants suffer from the depression of winter, the primrose draws on its savings in the bank, and by this means has its summer business well advanced before its neighbours can make a start. In other words, having a plentiful supply of nourishment laid up in itself, it bursts into bloom while other plants are waiting for such favourable circumstances as good weather, and by the time they are ready to contest the situation the primrose is on the point of retiring for a season.

The Highland stream, locally called a river, with its shoals and rapids, big stones, and big dark pools, though specially dear to the angler, has charms for everybody. Approach cautiously and watch the trout—how alternately mouth and gills open and close, keeping up an incessant pumping—as they lie behind stones watching for luckless flies. They wait very patiently until the fly appears, and then display such haste that, before they have time to consider whether it is real or artificial, it is caught—or they are. On a clear day, when the water is low and the rod useless, one feels tempted to pursue them as we see another brilliant fisherman, the kingfisher, doing, with nothing but natural appliances. The beautifully-coloured bird knows his business, evidently: he makes a capture, and flies away to a hole, at the further end of which lies his nest, built of fishbones. It is a very unsavoury dwelling, and, on account of decaying trout-remains, might come under the notice of the nose where it escaped the notice of the eye.

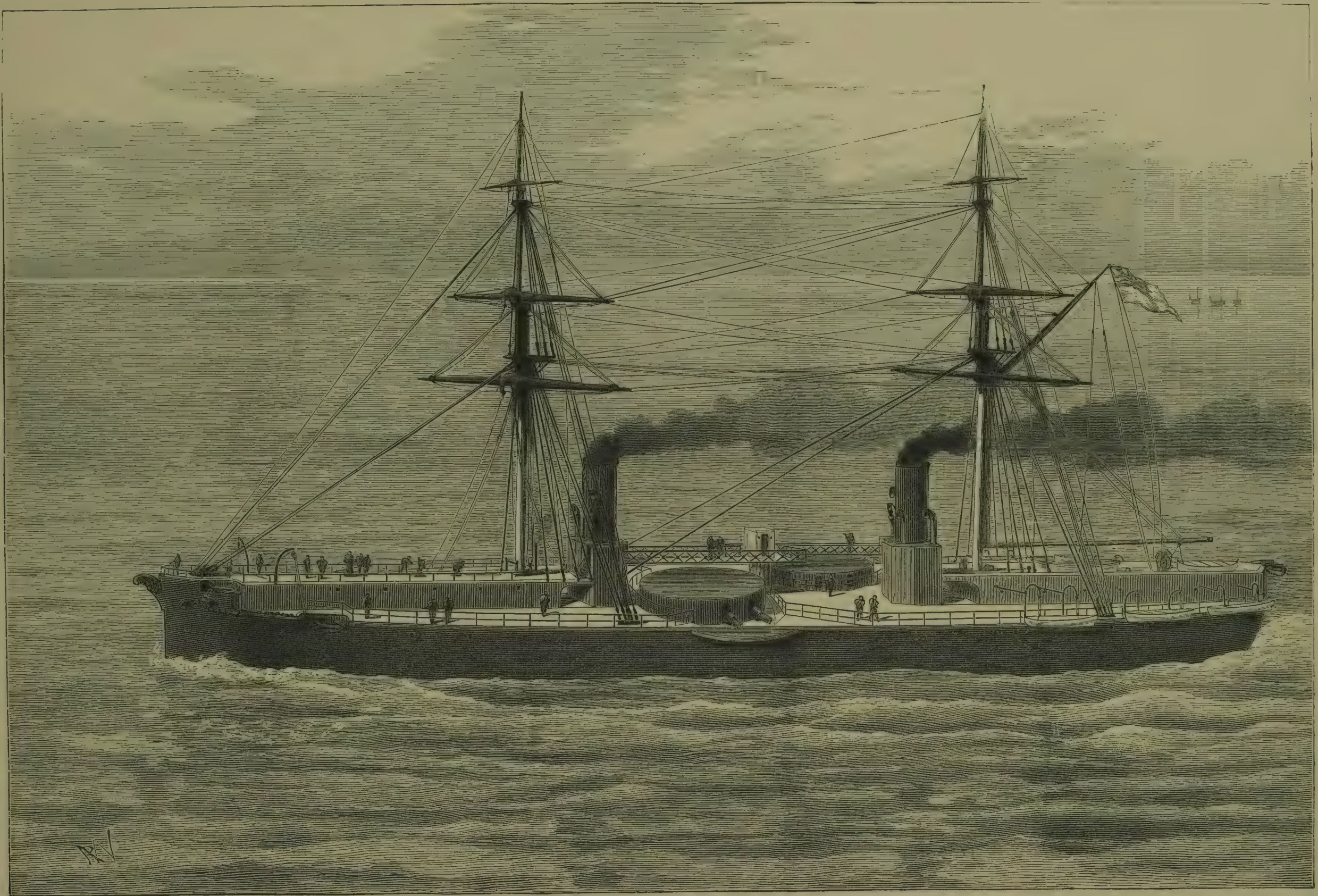
The big fish of the salmon type which frequent the bigger pools shun observation by keeping in the shadow of overhanging rocks or branches. They have favourite corners, the most coveted position being claimed by the strongest fish, and should it take the fly and be caught, often another fish, having moved into its place, will be brought from the same spot immediately afterwards. An odd flounder and sometimes an eel may be seen, but both kinds are comparatively rare. The natives have a horror of eels almost as great as of the serpents that are found on the sunny side of the burn, and as the only history of the creature they have read is contained in the beginning of Genesis, they show it scant mercy. Its forked tongue is believed to be a sting and the emblem of the prong carried by its ancestor of evil fame; therefore it is lashed to death with a "widdy," its body cut in pieces, and afterwards widely distributed, from a notion that the pieces, if left together, have the power of reuniting.

Sometimes a jutting rock prevents a person following by the side of the water, so that a detour must be made through the wood, which here is mostly hazel, and in autumn the daily resort of the boys and girls of the neighbourhood. The merry voices of a band of children nutting reveals how much delight the occupation affords them. These visits, however, are productive of a good deal of destruction. They tread down foxgloves and ferns, break branches climbing the trees, and disturb everything. That curious looking puff-ball suspended from a twig, the quarters of a hostile, savage, and numerous army, will be assailed by them and taken; but not before the wasps have made a hard fight. There will be daring displayed on both sides, and it is safe to say that victory will only be gained at the expense of swollen faces. After the first sting, an offence that can only be wiped out by the extermination of the defensive army, the war will be hot while it lasts. Owing to the nature of the ground, the cowards who retreat precipitately will suffer nearly as much from the thorns of wild rose-bushes and the stings of nettles as if they stood their ground. Real stings, however, have far less terror for them than imaginary ones. The approach of a harmless dragon-fly will cause them to crouch and wish the goggle-eyed visitor far enough away. As soon as it is seen the cry goes up: "A bull-serpent! a bull-serpent," and so much afraid are they of being killed that they rarely indulge the propensity to kill. The bull-serpent is a far more "dreadful beast" than its supposed female mate, for although local tradition ascribes to the latter an ability to take its tail in its mouth and give chase in the shape of a hoop, the bull-serpent is a prince of the air, capable of making attacks of spiritual subtlety. In spite of the spread of education these outrageous notions die hard.

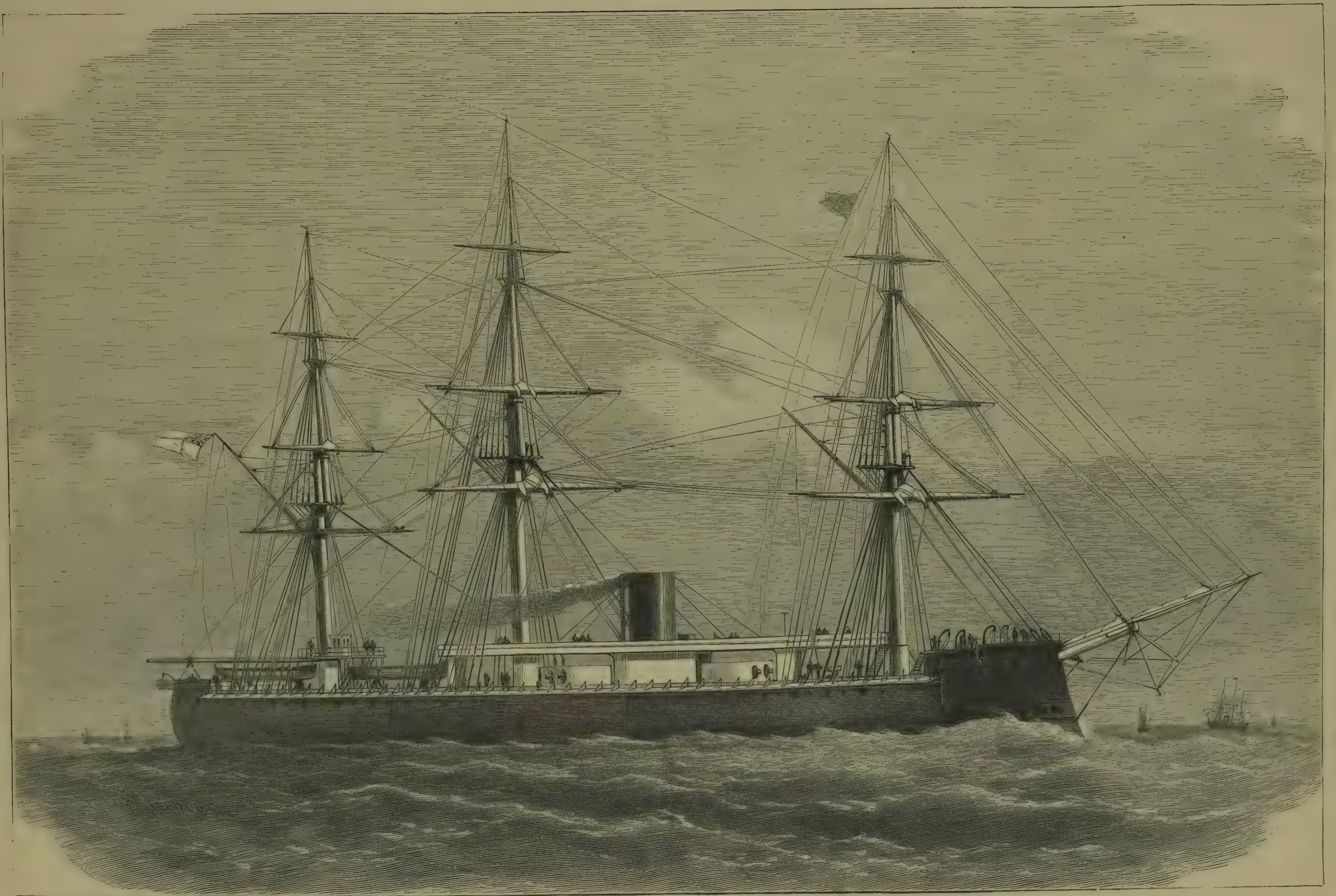
Some animals, now rare, are not unknown on the strath: such as the otter, the wild cat, and the fox. Still, any of these are unlikely to give the casual visitor an opportunity of seeing them. But the perfume of flowers and leaves, the singing of birds, and the sweeps of wooded braes throw one into a poetical reverie that begets a dreamy content in which nothing is missed.

J. S.

SHIPS AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.



H.M.S. INFLEXIBLE (FLAG-SHIP).



H.M.S. MONARCH.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

The principal and original establishment of the monks of the Carthusian order is within seven hours' drive of Aix-les-Bains, and forms the excursion with which visitors usually end their stay in the gay watering-place. You leave Aix at ten in the morning, pass through Chambéry, and thence through mountain gorges and vast valleys to St. Laurent du Pont, after which you enter the mountains and wind for more than an hour up and up, with the steep mountain-side on the one hand and a deep chasm on the other, with, at the bottom, a roaring torrent. The scenery is magnificent, and grows wilder and grander the higher we mount. Indeed, at the start, the torrent is tamed and regulated, and turns the mill-wheels of numerous manufactories, including many saw-mills belonging to the monks. At the foot of the hill, too, the Chartreux have an immense distillery, where lay-workmen, under the guidance of monastic delegates, distil the famous Chartreuse liqueur. And here let me dissipate an error which is commonly made, according to which the Carthusian monks may be seen, some picking herbs and simples on the hill-side, and others mixing those herbs, according to a traditional secret, and boiling them down in crucibles and alembics. In point of fact, most of the ingredients used in flavouring Chartreuse are imported from abroad, and the great secret of the Chartreux monks is care, patience, and first-class raw material. Opposite the liquor distillery is a dismantled iron-foundry dating from 1650, for the Chartreux were the first metallurgists in Dauphiné, and in the fourteenth century made iron which was famous in the Lyons market.

Shortly after passing these mills, we enter the so-called desert, the sacred precincts which the Carthusian monk may not quit when once he has pronounced his vows. The narrow road through the heart of the mountains, darkened by the woods that rise and lose themselves in the sky, the graceful cascades that gurgled forth from the rock and leap from ledge to ledge as they hasten to swell the roaring torrent dimly seen below through interstices in the foliage—all this seems the natural and appropriate road to the terrible solitude where the austere Saint Bruno went to establish himself with his companions. Over the romantic bridge of Saint Bruno we cross the ravine, pass through several short tunnels bored through the mountain, and at last arrive at a sort of valley of meadow-land literally ablaze with a thousand flowers. After mounting for an hour through the obscurity of the forest and mountain, one cannot help being dazzled by the sudden bursting upon the view of this flowery fertile expanse, sloping up gently towards the immense natural amphitheatre formed by the towering pine-clad mountains and bare, rocky, and precipitous heights which hem in the monastery, whose roofs and spires now first become visible—a sombre and severe mass of gloomy slate roofs and steep gables, planted on the slope of this immense mountain basin, a veritable monument of silence and solitude.

Arrived at the limit of the boundary wall, we leave our carriage at the monastery stables, and walk a few hundred yards to the green entrance-door, surmounted by a statue of the Madonna, and guarded by statues of St. Bruno and St. Hugues. We knock timidly; the porter—*cher frère portier*, as he is called—opens, smiles a welcome, and guides us across a grass-carpeted courtyard, between two plashing fountains, into the refectory, where a smiling friar takes our names, asks if we wish to stay the night, and commissions a lay-servant to show us our rooms, at the same time informing us that dinner will be on the table at six. So we went wonderingly and respectfully along the broad corridors, marvelling at the immense beams of the ceiling, and so up-stairs to the *Cambræ Provinciarum Provincia et Aquitan*, and to our rooms—each provided with a bed, one chair, a prie-dieu, a crucifix, a candlestick, a table, and a pint jug and a gruel-basin for washing purposes; no mirror, no curtains, no carpet on the quarried floor. The dinner was as simple and unsophisticated as the furniture of the bed-room, and consisted of potato soup, an omelette, grilled carp, simple pastry, cherries, strawberries, cheese, red wine, and after dinner a glass of Chartreuse. The Chartreux never eat meat, and never offer meat to their guests, who do not come to the monastery to feast. The guests fare much as the monks themselves fare: "soup and two dishes, and with that they must be content," such was the decision of the General Chapel of the Order in 1332.

Content and refreshed, we asked "*cher frère portier*" to let us out, and proceeded to inspect the exterior of the convent until sundown. Since Saint Bruno took possession of the present site, in 1084, the monastery has been burnt down eight times, and the building we now see dates only from 1688. Architecturally, it has small merits, and yet it is imposing by its mere mass and extent, by the expanse of its dark slate roofs, pitched steeply so as to throw off the heavy winter snowfall, and by its position in the midst of this majestic mountain solitude, where it stands fearlessly in presence of the grandeur of Nature. Within a simple surrounding wall one sees a church and immense cloisters, flanked by small houses jutting out at regular intervals; in the inclosure of the cloisters is the cemetery; and around is an

agglomeration of more or less symmetrically arranged pavilions and corridors and dependencies, none having any architectural beauty beyond their simplicity and solidity. Indeed, when we come to think of it, the Carthusian monasteries, except those of Italy, and especially of Pavia, are all simple and unadorned by painting or sculpture.

In a monastery, of course, the chief element is the monk. How does the Carthusian monk live? We were shown one of the cells, which are, in reality, little houses. Each cell is marked by a letter of the alphabet and a text of Scripture, and is composed of a vestibule or large antechamber; a bed-room, in which is arranged an oratory; and a little study or library. On the lower floor is a wood-room, where the monks saw logs for winter firing, and a work-shop, with a carpenter's bench, the whole looking on to and opening into a little garden. Here the monk spends his life, clad in a tunic, scapular, and hood of white woollen stuff, with shaven face and shaven head, praying, meditating, and preparing for the world to come. The Carthusian night is divided into three watches and the day into three main divisions: from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. mass, prayers, and spiritual exercises; from 10 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., meals and manual work, or study, in the cell; 2.30 p.m. to 4.30, vespers; 5 p.m., supper; from 6 p.m. to 10 o'clock, rest; 10 p.m. to 1 or 2 a.m., matins; and the remaining watch, rest. The liturgy plays a large rôle in the life of the Chartreux; and his existence is essentially solitary, inasmuch as he quits his cell only three times a day—for the night office, for high mass in the morning, and for vespers in the afternoon. The rest of the time he is alone, and he eats alone, in his cell, except on Sundays and holidays, when the monks eat together, in silence, in the refectory. Once a week the monk goes for a walk in the woods around the convent; and on certain days they may talk together, perpetual silence not being a formal rule of the order. In short, the idea of the Carthusian rule of life is to begin here on earth as perfectly as possible the life of contemplation which we hope to lead in heaven, and which is supposed to consist of three acts—seeing, loving, and praising God.

When one has heard and seen the Carthusian monks, friars, and novices performing their midnight orisons in the obscurity of their dark chapel, in the midst of this terrific mountain solitude, at an hour when the rest of the world is sleeping, or rioting, or revelling; when one listens to their voices as they chant the psalms and liturgy, some trembling and feeble with age, others full and vibrating with robust youth; when one thinks that night after night for nearly eight hundred years these same prayers have been offered up in spite of death and of revolutions that have changed empires and overturned thrones,—one feels profound respect for these pious anchorites, forgotten by us in their mountain solitude and yet remembering us in their nightly prayers.

MILAN.

The Italians make a most liberal use of superlatives. This indulgence costs them nothing but their breath, but it costs a good deal to strangers, who often spend much time and money in seeing much-vaunted monuments that are unworthy of their reputation. Such is the famous Duomo of Milan, reputed by the Italians to be "*cosa la più stupenda, la più maravigliosa*"—in short, one of the wonders of the world. In reality, this immense cathedral produces a greater effect than its artistic merits deserve; and that, too, because of its size, of the multiplicity of detail, and of the material employed throughout in its structure—namely, white marble. When you look at the Duomo from the piazza the effect is dazzling, particularly by moonlight; it looks like an enormous glacier, with its thousand needles sculptured and fretted into elegant forms, or like some fairy alcazar, bordered with lacework, against a background of lapis lazuli, and surmounted by forests of pinnacles and turrets and pointed shafts, on which are balanced white marble statues of thousands of saints. And in the midst the forest of needles rises higher and higher around a central spire, a gigantic glittering stalagmite, crystallised in the air, and bearing on its point a crescent, on which stands the gilded image of the Virgin, *Maria nascenti*, to whom the church is dedicated. The inside gives a better idea of the vastness of the building than the outside, seen from below: six rows of white marble clustered columns of extraordinary height and thickness support the whole, and divide the church into five naves. These columns are fine, and, owing to their height, they appear light and slender; their delicate lines, too, are not interrupted by bulging capitals, but only by tribunes, in the niches of which are placed statues of saints. The rest of the interior, with the exception of the choir, is plain and bare, especially when compared with the excessive ornamentation of the exterior and of the roof, which is made of slabs of marble, and peopled literally by thousands of marble statues arranged along the streets, corridors, and staircases which traverse this huge roof in every direction: 6716, we were told, is the total number of statues on the cathedral of Milan—a sufficient population for a small town. All this is very wonderful and very enormous. The Duomo is the biggest church in the world, next to St. Peter's. From an architectural point of view it is the biggest Gothic toy in the world, and structurally uninteresting, because everywhere it is braced together with iron. The story runs that the two architects of the Duomo, Tibaldi and Bassi, were constantly at loggerheads, and in order to settle their differences

they appealed successively to Palladio, Vasari, and Vignole. It was apropos of the excessive use of iron braces in the construction of the cathedral of Milan that Vignole made a famous reply, which to this day remains the best criticism that can be made of the Duomo: "An edifice ought not to be sustained by leading strings."

After the Duomo the greatest sight in Milan is Leonardo da Vinci's famous fresco of the "Last Supper" in the refectory of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, a barn-like, neglected place, where the phantom relics of Leonardo's work are seen in the most unfavourable conditions of light and surroundings. Thousands of travellers in the course of the year pay to see this fresco; surely the Milanese might spend some of this revenue in arranging the refectory more decently, or at least in giving to the dirty yellow wall below the fresco a coat of colour of a dark neutral tone, so that the harmony of the fresco would not suffer from the crude neighbourhood of mouldering whitewash. Alas! all that remains of the "Last Supper" is the composition, and the landscape seen through the window in the background; the faces, hands, and drapery of the figures have all been repainted. Time had been cruel enough to this work in spotting it with leprosy scabs of dampness; but the hand of man has been still more cruel, and the injuries of both kinds are only too evident in the violent light that pours in from the windows. I feel sure that if this light could be tempered by curtains, and if the fresco were only presented in decent conditions and surroundings, it would require but a slight effort of imagination to enable us to evoke from the shadowy remnants an image of the splendid harmony of colour which this "Last Supper" must originally have presented. As it is, we can really see little more than the beauty of the composition, which has been rendered universally known by Raphael Morghen's wonderful engraving.

At the Ambrosian Library we were also struck by the general aspect of neglect, and the miserable conditions, in which everything is exhibited. In the library the rarities are crowded pell-mell in the cheapest glass cases; and that famous lock of Lucrezia Borgia's blond hair is preserved in a pink paper box, such as you see used for paltry toys at country fairs. This lock used to be attached to a letter written by Lucrezia to the future Cardinal Bembo; but, as the *custode* told us, it has been detached and placed in this glass-topped box "because the very celebrated Englishman Lord Byron formerly succeeded in stealing one hair," a fact which is recorded, I believe, in a letter by the poet to Murray. One of the pearls of the Ambrosian is Leonardo's "Book of Machines," containing 400 leaves and more than 1700 drawings, geometrical figures, machines, optical instruments, fortifications, &c. All that is shown of this book are two pages! The exquisite fragments of the tomb of Gaston De Foix, instead of being put under glass, are protected from indiscreet fingers by a wire netting, which prevents one seeing them. And the museum! What disorder! what confusion! comparable only to the *farrago* of a badly-kept bric-à-brac store! Here is a Botticelli all awry, in a frame which is parting company with the picture; here is a Titian in the same state; and hundreds of good, bad, and mostly indifferent Old Masters are hung in the paltriest frames and in the wretchedest confusion. Here also are quantities of precious drawings, especially by Leonardo, Albert Dürer, and Luini, grouped without order or respect, in vast fly-blown cases—originals, copies, real drawings and attributed drawings, all together—and all without name or number, or distinguishing mark. Raphael's cartoon of the "School of Athens" is in a hideous frame. In short, the pictures and drawings of the Ambrosian are kept and exhibited in barbarous conditions utterly unworthy of such a civilised and progressive town as Milan professes to be. The public collection of the Brera Museum is better arranged, in well-lighted rooms; and one can admire in comparative visual comfort Raphael's "Spasmodic," Leonardo's crayon and sanguine study of the head of Christ for the "Last Supper," remarkable works by Crivelli, Tintoretto, Mantegna, Bonifacio, and, above all, by Luini, many of whose frescoes have been removed from churches and convents and placed here in security. But what has the intelligent curator of the museum done? Instead of placing these frescoes by Luini in one of the good rooms of the museum, he has hung them in the vestibule and along a corridor, where half of them are seen only in reflected light. The Milanese press would render a service to art if it would only agitate these questions of museum reform, and stir up the worthy gentlemen who preside over the fate of many masterpieces, and draw their salaries regularly.

Milan, above all towns in northern Italy, abounds in churches and convents, all more or less interesting, more or less rich in works of art, and more or less well preserved. The visitor, armed with his guide-book, will visit those which most tempt him; and in the course of his rambles he will inevitably be struck by the rich and solid aspect of the town, by the multiplicity of tramways, by the universal use of electric light, and by the mantillas of the middle-class women, who remind one a little of the black-eyed beauties of Spain. Curiosity will doubtless lead most visitors to the crematory furnace in the Milan cemetery. We visited this establishment in detail, and were greatly struck by the simplicity and excellence of the system. We learnt with interest that for the modest sum of £4 8s. we could be burnt, and our ashes boxed up in a marble pigeon-hole.

T. C.


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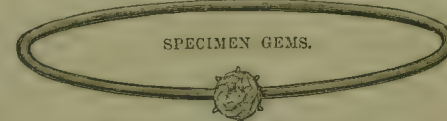
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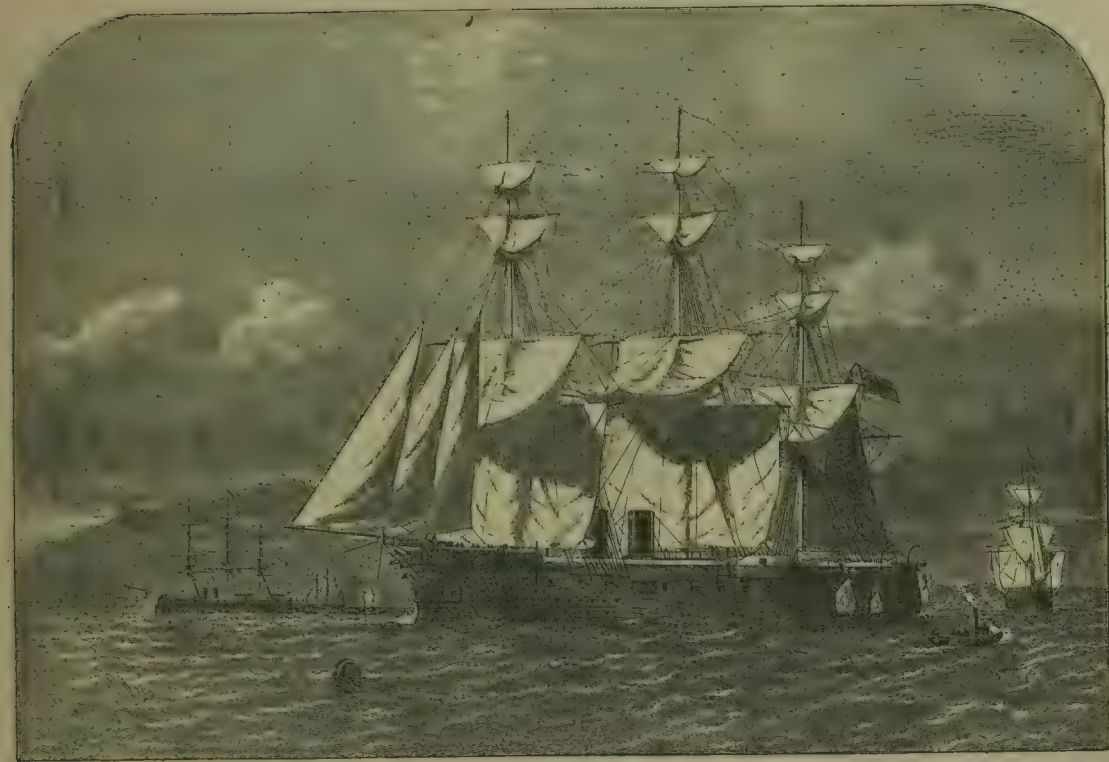


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H.M.S. SULTAN.

H.M.S. Sultan is a central-battery ship of war, built at Chatham Dockyard, completed in 1871; her dimensions are 325 ft. long, 59 ft. broad, drawing 27 ft. 6 in. water, with a displacement of water equal to 9200 tons; her engines, made by Penn, are of 7720-horse power; she is protected at different parts of her sides with armour-plates from six to nine inches thick; her armament consists of eight 18-ton muzzle-loading rifled guns, four 12½-ton guns, seven 4-inch breech-loading rifled guns, four light guns, four quick-firing guns, and eleven machine-guns, with five tubes for torpedoes; and her speed is 14½ knots an hour; she carries coals to steam 2140 knots at the speed of ten knots an hour.

H.M.S. Glatton is a turret-ship for coast service, built at Chatham, and completed in 1872; she is 245 ft. long and 54 ft. broad, drawing 19 ft. of water, with a displacement of 4910 tons; her engines, made by Laird, are of 2870-horse power; her turret-armour is 18 in. or 20 in. thick, that of her bulkheads 12 in. and 14 in., and that of her sides, 10 in. or 12 in.; she is armed with two 25-ton muzzle-loading rifled guns, two light guns, three quick-firing guns, four machine-guns, and two torpedo-tubes; her speed is nearly thirteen knots an hour, and she has coal for steaming two thousand knots at a moderate speed.

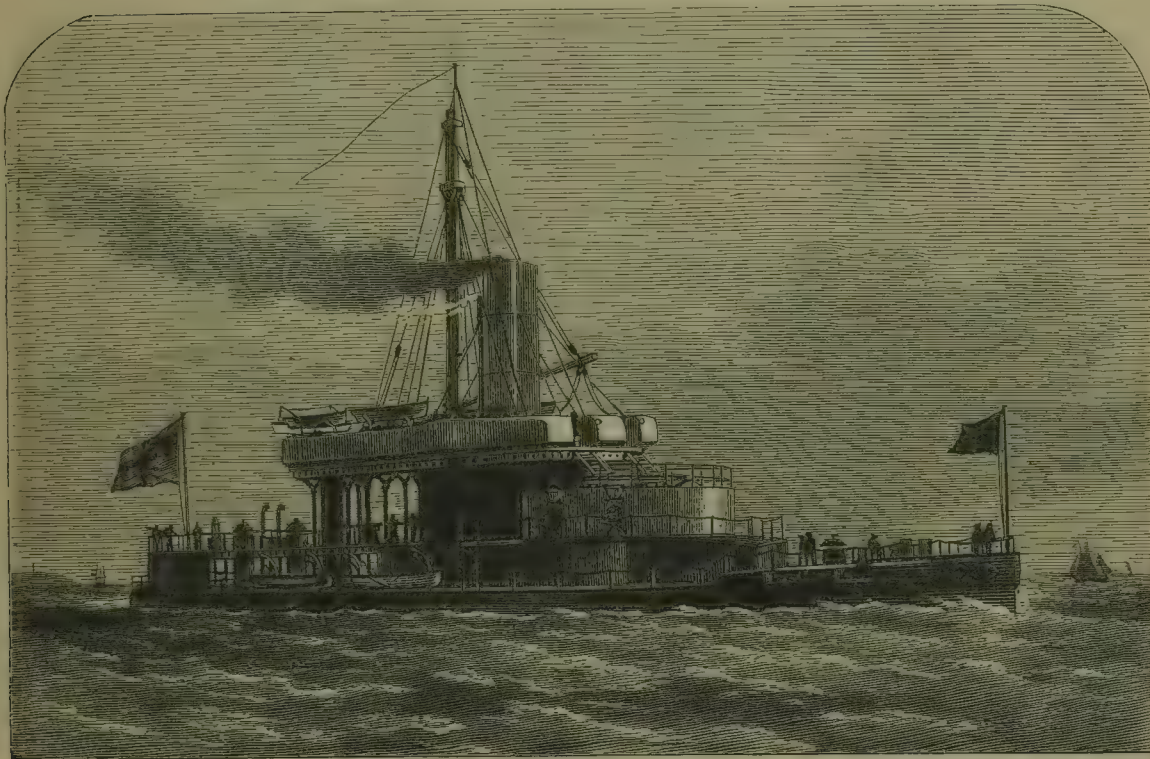
H.M.S. Invincible is a central-battery ship of war, built at Glasgow by Messrs. Napier, finished in 1870; she is 280 ft. in length and 54 ft. in breadth; she draws 22 ft. 9 in. water, and her displacement is 6010 tons; her engines are of 4330-horse power; she has armour-plates of 5 in., 6 in., and 8 in. thickness; her armament consists of ten 12-ton muzzle-loading rifled guns, six 4-in. breech-loading rifled guns, four light guns, four quick-firing guns, fifteen machine-guns, and four torpedo-tubes; her speed is above fourteen knots an hour; and she can steam, at the rate of ten knots, a distance of 1590 knots at sea.

H.M.S. Devastation is a turret-ship, built at Portsmouth Dockyard, completed in 1873; her length is 285 ft., breadth of beam, 62 ft. 3 in.; she draws 27 ft. 6 in.; her displacement is 9330 tons; her engines, made by Penn, are of 6650-horse power; her sides have armour-plates 12 in. and 10 in. thick, and those of her turrets are 14 in. and 12 in. thick, backed with oak from 15 in. to 18 in.; she carries four 35-ton muzzle-loading rifled guns in her turrets, six quick-firing guns, two light guns, and twelve machine-guns, with two torpedo-tubes; her speed is 13½ knots an hour; and she carries 1800 tons of coal, with which she can steam 5930 knots, at the speed of ten knots an hour.

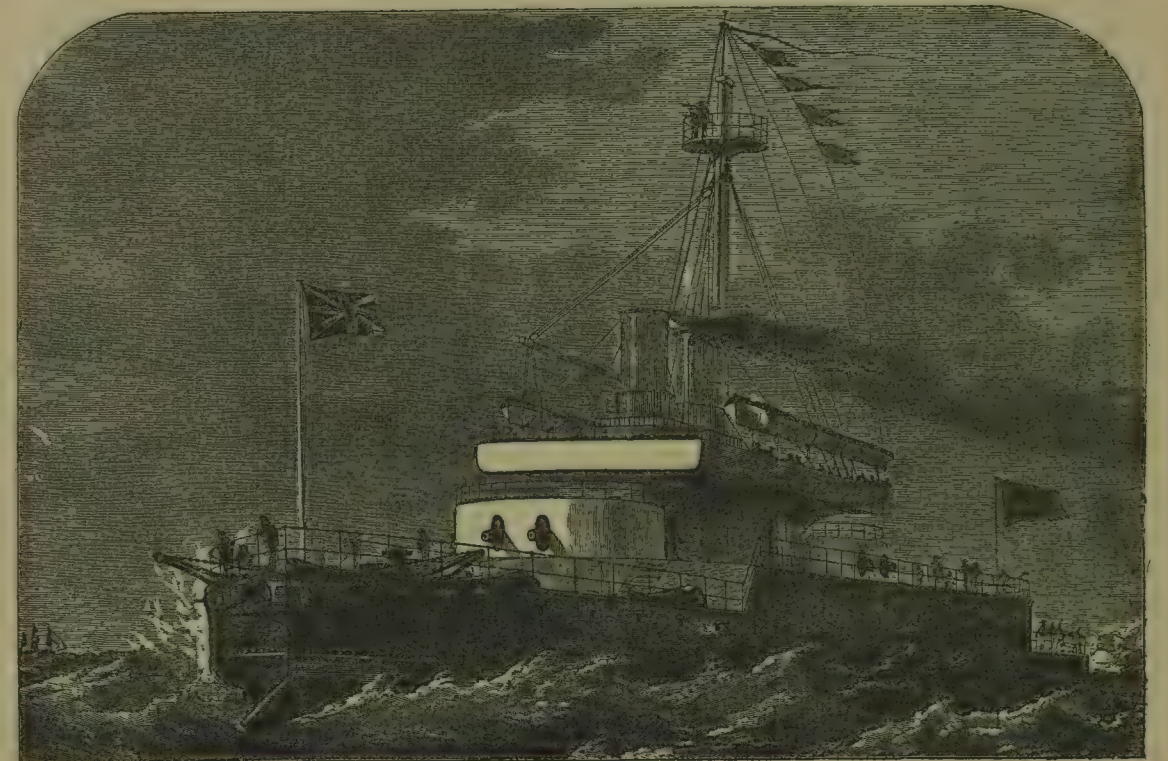
Three of these powerful war-ships, the Devastation, the Sultan, and the Invincible, formed part of our Mediterranean Squadron in 1876 and during the critical period of the war between Russia and Turkey. The Sultan was then under the command of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. On Feb. 13, 1878, the British squadron passed through the Dardanelles, in consequence of the approach of the Russian army to Constantinople.



H.M.S. INVINCIBLE.



H.M.S. GLATTON.



H.M.S. DEVASTATION.

SHIPS AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.



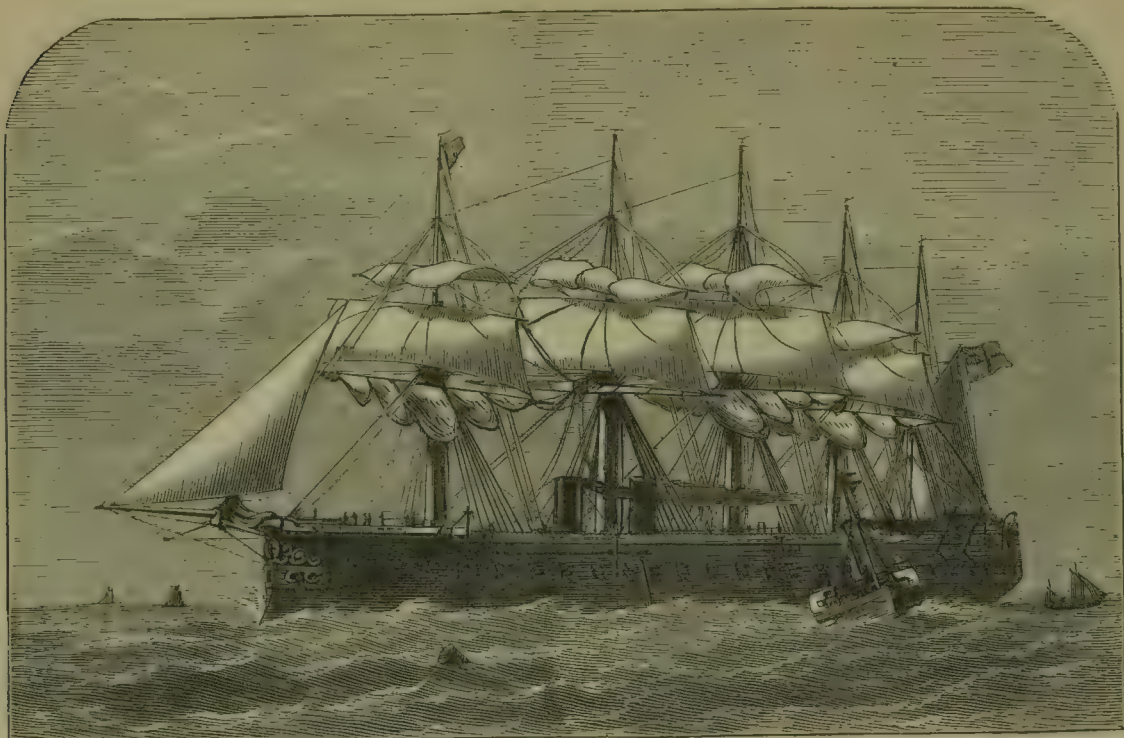
H.M.S. AJAX.

H.M.S. Inflexible, the flag-ship of Admiral Sir George Wiles, K.C.B., who commands the fleet assembled this day at Spithead to be reviewed by her Majesty the Queen, was built at Portsmouth Dockyard, from the designs of Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, then Director of Naval Construction, and was launched in April, 1876, Princess Louise, as representative of the Queen, taking the chief part in the ceremony; but this ship was not finally completed till 1881. The Inflexible was considered the greatest result that had been obtained by the naval architects of the Board of Admiralty; one of the most important, novel, and peculiar features in her design being the citadel, or castle, fore and aft, the sides of which, having length of 110 ft., rise to a height of 20 ft. above the water, and are joined by transverse walls 75 ft. long, across the

deck; the turrets, moreover, instead of being placed on the direct line of the keel, are placed obliquely, one looking to the port side and the other to starboard. This great ship is 320 ft. long, 75 ft. broad, and draws 25 ft. 5 in. water, her displacement being no less than 11,880 tons. Her engines, constructed by Messrs. Elder and Co., of Glasgow, are of 8000-horse power, and each is completely isolated, so as to work if the other engine broke down. The side armour-plating, at different parts, is 16 in., 20 in., and 24 in. thick, in two plates of iron, with a mass of wood between them; that of the bulkheads, 14 in. to 22 in., and that of the turrets, 16 in.; the wooden backing from 17 in. to 25 in. thick. The cost of her construction exceeded £800,000. She is armed with four 80-ton muzzle-loading rifled guns, in the turrets; eight light guns, four

quick-firing guns, seventeen machine-guns, and three tubes for discharging torpedoes. Her speed is not much below fourteen knots or sea-miles an hour; and her bunkers hold 1300 tons of coal, which is sufficient for steaming 5200 miles at the average rate of ten miles an hour. The Inflexible, it will be remembered, took an important part in the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria, on July 12, 1882, as did also the Sultan and the Invincible, which are described on another page.

H.M.S. Agincourt, a broadside ship of war, constructed at Birkenhead by Messrs. Laird, in 1868, is 400 ft. in length and 59 ft. 6 in. broad, draws 27 ft. 9 in. water, with a displacement of 10,690 tons; the engines, by Maudslay, are of 6870-horse power; the armour is comparatively slight, being only 4½ in. and 5½ in. thick on 10 in. oak backing. This ship's broadside



H.M.S. MINOTAUR.

fire is of eight 12-ton guns on each side, having seventeen guns of that size in all, with fourteen light guns; and she is furnished with fifteen machine guns, for defence against boarding, and with a couple of torpedo-tubes. Her speed is more than fourteen knots an hour, and she has coal for steaming 1300 miles.

H.M.S. Minotaur, likewise a broadside man-of-war, of the same period, built at Blackwall by private contract, is of the same dimensions with the Agincourt; the armour-plating also is similar to that; and their guns are the same, except that the Minotaur has two breech-loading rifled guns of six-inch calibre, and has also four torpedo-tubes. The Minotaur has rather higher speed.

H.M.S. Hercules is a central-battery ship, much larger than the Invincible, her dimensions being 325 ft. long and 59 ft. broad; she draws 26 ft. 6 in. water, with a displacement of 8680 tons. She was built at Chatham Dockyard, and launched in 1868. Her engines, made by Penn and Sons, are of 6750-horse power. The armour-plating is six and nine inches thick. The battery consists of eight heavy guns, breech-loaders, each weighing eighteen tons, with two lesser breech-loading guns fore and aft, also four guns of 7-in. calibre, six light guns, and two quick-firing guns, besides fourteen machine-guns and four torpedo-tubes, so that she is quite a fighting ship. She steams fourteen knots an hour, and can run 1760 miles with the coal she carries.

H.M.S. Monarch, one of the older type of turret-ships, was launched in 1869, from Chatham Dockyard, and is 330 ft. long, 57 ft. 6 in. broad, drawing 27 ft., with 8320 tons displacement of water. Her engines, by Humphrys, are of 7840-horse power. Her sides and bulwarks have armour-plating 5 in. to 7 in. thick, and that of her turrets is 8 in. to 10 in. thick. Her four turret-guns, muzzle-loading, are of 25-ton size; and she has two guns half that size and one that is a quarter the size, all of rifled bore, with three light guns, fourteen machine-guns, and four torpedo-tubes. Her speed is close on fifteen knots an hour. She has coal for a run of 1500 miles.

H.M.S. Ajax, one of the more recent kind of turret-ships, with double screw-propeller, was constructed at Pembroke Dockyard, and was completed in 1883. Her dimensions are: length, 280 ft.; breadth, 66 ft., giving handiness in turning; she draws but 24 ft. of water, though her displacement is 8510 tons. She has engines of 6440-horse power, by Penn; her speed is nearly 13½ knots, and her "coal endurance" will support a voyage of 4100 miles. Her turrets are armed with four guns of 38-ton size (muzzle-loading, of course), and she possesses also two breech-loaders of six-inch bore and two light guns, with fourteen machine-guns, and a couple of tubes for torpedoes.

H.M.S. Collingwood is a ship of the new "Admiral" class, with barbettes-mounted guns, which are placed 22 ft. above the water, on fixed towers standing 140 ft. apart, besides having a large unarmoured battery, of six-inch breech-loaders, at ports 8 ft. below the towers, still above the ordinary deck of the ship, with

much convenience for the crew and facility of working. A volume by Lord Brassey, just published, "The Naval Annual for 1886," contains valuable remarks upon the advantages of this type of ship, compared with such as the Devastation and the Inflexible; and the very satisfactory steaming trials of the Collingwood are noted. This ship, built at Pembroke Dockyard, was launched last year, having cost nearly £600,000. She is 325 ft.



H.M.S. AGINCOURT.

long, and has a breadth of 68 ft., drawing 26 ft. 3 in. water, with displacement of 9150 tons. Her engines, by Maudslay, have no less than 9570-horse power, and she has two screw-propellers. The armour-plating on her sides is 16 in. and 18 in. thick, and that of the barbettes towers 12 in. and 14 in. thick. She carries, like the Colossus, a sister ship, four breech-loading rifled guns of 43-ton size, with six lesser breech-loaders, and

with twelve quick-firing guns, which should make her tolerably effective in battle; she is also furnished with the usual allowance of machine-guns, and with four torpedo-launching tubes or stands. The speed of the Collingwood is more than sixteen and a half knots an hour, 16'40, but may possibly be excelled by several other new twin-screw ships, the Benbow, the Camperdown, and the Anson, with barbettes-mounted guns. These ships carry 1200 tons of coal, good for a voyage of 8500 sea-miles.

H.M.S. Impérieuse, an armour-belted twin-screw cruiser, represents also some of the latest improvements, and has a speed of 17 knots an hour. She carries four 18-ton breech-loading guns on armoured barbettes towers, and six breech-loaders of six-inch calibre, with four light guns and four quick-firing, also fourteen machine-guns and six torpedo-tubes. She is 315 ft. long, 62 ft. broad, and draws 25 ft., with 7390 tons displacement, and the hull is sheathed with copper. The Impérieuse was built at Portsmouth, and was finished last year. Her engines, of 10,180-horse power, were constructed by Maudslay's firm, and are highly commended. The armour-plating is from 8 in. to 10 in. thick, and is mainly applied in a belt extending two-fifths of the length of the hull, protecting the machinery and the magazines, and assisting, we are told, to secure the stability and buoyancy of the ship; the barbettes towers, with the gunners and the loading machinery of the guns, are protected also by armour. The Impérieuse carries 1200 tons of coal, and is able to keep at sea while traversing 7300 nautical miles under steam, which is a great qualification for a ship to be employed in protecting our commercial marine in time of war.

We can safely refer to Lord Brassey's instructive volume for much further information. It should be observed that the Impérieuse class and the "Admiral" class of new ships, and the belted cruisers, are of types adopted by Lord Northbrook, as First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1884; but the Right Hon. W. H. Smith is entitled to the credit of having already laid down the Collingwood, the first of the "Admiral" class, and Lord Brassey cordially bears testimony to the merits of his administration. "Let there be less of national self-depreciation, and less of party spirit, in dealing with the Navy," says Lord Brassey, with whom, it is to be hoped, the spectators of to-day's naval review at Spithead will be disposed to agree.

As it is a Queen's Jubilee review, this occasion is appropriate for noticing the progress that has been made, both in the construction and equipment of our war-ships and in the manufacture of naval ordnance, since her Majesty's accession to the



H.M.S. HERCULES.

throne. In 1837 our Navy consisted of wooden unarmoured sailing-ships; only two first-rate, carrying 120 thirty-two pounder guns, with two 68-pounder carronades; four second-rate ships of 96, 84, and 72 guns; and eleven third-rate, for line of battle; with frigates, brigs, and sloops of war, and a few non-combatant steamers. In 1837 there was a first-class line-of-battle-ship, named the Trafalgar, building at Woolwich Dockyard; and now, in 1887, there is another first-class ship, also to be named the Trafalgar, building at Portsmouth. Let us compare these two ships. The old Trafalgar, constructed of wood, was 205 ft. long, 55 ft. 7½ in. broad, and would carry 120 guns, each of the average weight of 45 cwt., throwing projectiles of 16½ lb. weight on the average. She required a crew of 1000 men to work the sails and guns, all being then done by manual labour, without the aid of machinery. The new Trafalgar, built entirely of steel, and the hull subdivided into 150 watertight compartments, is 345 ft. long, 73 ft. broad, and will have a displacement of 11,940 tons. Her triple expansion engines, with cylindrical boilers, working up to 135 lb. the square inch, will develop 12,000-horse power, which will drive the ship at a speed of nearly seventeen knots an hour; and she will carry a sufficient coal supply to steam 2000 knots at full speed, or 7700 knots at the speed of ten knots an hour. This new war-ship, the Trafalgar of the present day, will be armoured with steel-faced plates from 14 in. to 20 in. thick; she will carry, in her two revolving armoured turrets, four 67-ton breech-loading rifled guns, which discharge projectiles weighing 1250 lb., with 520 lb. powder charges; and she will also carry eight lesser guns, but of immensely greater power than any of 1837, nineteen quick-firing guns, and apparatus for charging and launching torpedoes. It is considered that the new Trafalgar, with her defences and her powers of offence, "would alone be more than a match for the whole of the British Navy in 1837, being absolutely invulnerable to their means of attack." As all the necessary operations for working the ship, steering, and fighting, will be performed by steam, the crew will number but 520 men, only about half the crew of the old Trafalgar. Hydraulic machinery will be employed in working the turrets, the guns, the shot and ammunition hoists, and for other purposes, while fifty or sixty auxiliary steam-engines will be used on board. The ship will, in fact, be a huge floating war-machine. Wonderful improvement! But let us not omit to remark that the cost of our Navy in 1837 was £4,419,700, and that it is £12,741,000 for the present year, not to reckon the cost of ordnance. Do we seem, however, as a nation to be grudging or neglecting the defence of the kingdom at sea?

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1872), with two codicils (dated Jan. 8 and Feb. 28, 1878), of Mr. Charles Paton Henderson, late of No. 77, Lancaster-gate, and Withington Hall, Manchester, merchant, who died on May 10 last, was proved at the District Registry of Manchester on the 13th ult. by William Henderson and John Paton Henderson, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £404,000. The testator gives £80,000, upon trust, for his four daughters, Mrs. Agnes Potter, Mrs. Christian Alexandrina Ross, Mrs. Mary Ross, and Miss Anna Paton Henderson, in equal shares, and, at their death, to their respective children as they shall appoint; £12,000, upon trust, for his son, Peter Paton Henderson, for life, and then for his children; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two sons, William and John Paton, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will of the late Mr. L. R. Baily, of Allerton Hall, formerly M.P. for the Exchange Division of Liverpool, who died on April 18 last, has been proved by Mrs. Baily, his widow, and sole executrix, the personal estate being sworn at £95,000. The testator gives pecuniary legacies to his brothers and sisters; and he gives his residence and real estate at Allerton Hall to his widow, for life, with an immediate pecuniary legacy, and his plate, books, wines, horses, carriages, &c. The rest of the real estate and the residue of the personalty is given to trustees, upon trust for the widow, for life, subject to annuities to the testator's two sons during their mother's life, and after her death, upon trusts, in favour of the sons and the testator's nieces and nephews. The testator also gives £13,000 in charitable legacies, amongst the following local charities; but the payment of the charitable legacies is postponed until after the termination of the preceding life estates: £2000 to the Liverpool Blue-Coat Hospital; £1000 each to the Liverpool Ladies' Charity, Liverpool Children's Infirmary, Liverpool Eye and Ear Infirmary, Liverpool Royal Infirmary, Liverpool Orphan Asylum, Liverpool Deaf and Dumb Asylum, School for the Indigent Blind (Hardman-street, Liverpool), Liverpool Northern Hospital, and Liverpool Southern Hospital; £500 each to the Liverpool Governors' Benevolent Institution, Liverpool Fund Additional Curates' Society, and Liverpool Church Sunday-School Institute; and £250 each to the Liverpool Diocesan Clergy Widows' Institution (Warrington) and Clergy Daughters' School (Warrington).

The will (dated July 30, 1883) of Mr. George Augustus Calder, late of St. Martin's-court, St. Martin's-lane, wholesale stationer, and of No. 76, Hamilton-terrace, St. John's Wood, who died on May 17 last, at Hastings, was proved on the 5th inst. by Mrs. Emma Anne Calder, the widow; George Henry Turner, the nephew; and Frederick Butcher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £72,000. The testator gives £1000 to each of his wife's nephews and nieces, the children of her brothers, Edwin John Morgan and Clement Compton Morgan; £1000, upon trust, for each of his sisters, Mrs. Mary Turner and Mrs. Louisa Elizabeth Gullick, and their children; legacies to his executors, Mr. Turner and Mr. Butcher, and to two persons in the employ of Messrs. Fuller and Co.; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1886), of Mr. George Bartram, late of "Rocklands," Tunbridge Wells, Kent, who died on May 8 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by George William Bartram and the Rev. Henry Bartram, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator gives £200, and £1500 per annum, and the use, for life, rent free, of his freehold house, "Rocklands," with the plate, glass, linen, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bartram; and £4000 to his son Henry. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sons, in equal shares. The testator nominates his said son, George William, to succeed to his share of the business of a brewer carried on by him and his nephew at Tunbridge Wells.

The will of Mr. George Scrivens, late of Hastings, Sussex, banker, who died on April 21 last, was proved on the 9th ult., at the Lewes District Registry, by Samuel Scrivens and William Hallaway, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator bequeaths £11,000 to Arthur Bayley Potter and Richard Ellis Potter, the sons of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter, M.P.; £50 to the Hastings Dispensary; and numerous legacies to relatives, late clerks, servants, and others—including £500 to Miss M. B. Edwards, the authoress. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to the said Samuel Scrivens.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Haddington, of the general disposition and settlement (dated April 1, 1874) of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart., of North Berwick, who died on April 27 last, at Luchie, North Berwick, granted to Dame Frances Arkwright or Dalrymple, the widow, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on the 7th inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £22,000.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1865) of Miss Emelia Barbara Gregg, late of No. 25, York-terrace, Regent's Park, who died on April 19 last, was proved on the 13th ult., by Richard Gosling and Francis Gosling, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. After giving a few legacies to relatives and friends, the testatrix leaves the residue of her property as to one third, upon trust, for her brother, Charles Francis Gregg for life, and then to her niece, Maria Maud Gosling; one third to her nephew, the Rev. John Frederick Gosling, and the remaining third to her niece, Jessie Gosling.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1880) of Mr. George Dines, late of Woodside, Walton-on-Thames, who died on May 23 last, was proved on the 7th inst. by Mrs. Louisa Sara Dines, the widow, William Henry Dines, the son, and the Rev. Frederick Jessop Kelly, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator gives £2000 and his furniture, jewellery, carriages, and horses, to his wife; and the residue of his property, upon trust, for her for life. At her death he leaves his leasehold houses, Nos. 92, 93, and 94, Grosvenor-road, Piccadilly, to his daughter, Mrs. Hettie Louisa Sara Kelly, for life, and then for her children; his other leasehold premises in Grosvenor-road, now let to the Secretary of State for War, to his daughter Emily Mary Dines, and, at her death, to her children; £1000 to the Rev. Frederick Jessop Kelly; and the ultimate residue to his son, William Henry.

A postman at Whitby, named Percival, who has just completed his fortieth year of service, has served under fourteen Postmasters-General, walked seven thousand miles in the discharge of his duties, and delivered five million letters.

The Rev. George Griffiths, B.D., Rector of Machynlleth, honorary Canon of Bangor Cathedral, has been appointed to the vacant archdeaconry of Bangor. The *North Wales Chronicle* states that the new Archdeacon is a most eloquent preacher in English and Welsh.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F D (South Shields).—Thanks; the photo is noticed below.

F P B (Plymouth).—An interesting variation, but it requires careful examination.

T H B (Wolverhampton).—Your request is noted.

W H D (Woburn).—The solution of No. 2254 is correctly given in our issue of the 9th inst. You are wide of the mark in your proposed solutions of Nos. 2256 and 2257.

W H (Manchester).—We are obliged for the correction. Your problem shall appear shortly.

J A C (Liswell).—Yes: Mr. Healey has been found "napping" in No. 2253. We have missed your name from the chronicles of the Chess world for some years past.

L D.—The diagram has been forwarded as requested.

NOTE.—Problem No. 2257 was inadvertently described as the composition of Mr. W Heathcote, instead of Mr. G Heathcote.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2253 received from J A C (Liswell); of No. 2254 from E R Lily and W Hanson; of No. 2255 from R H Brooks, E H H, C S P Blackburne; of No. 2256 from Alpha, Bernard Reynolds, Osmanli, and E H H.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2257 received from C E P, R H Brooks, N S Harris, J A Schmucke, C Oswald, W R Raillem, R Tweddell, Major Pritchard, B R Wood, Jean De Sarts (Liege), Joseph Ainsworth, Osmanli, E Featherstone, A C Hunt, E E H, Jupiter Junior, Thomas Chown, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Xerius, E Casella (Paris), J London, W Hallier, Sergeant James Sage, I Falcon (Antwerp), E Elsbury, James D Hannan, G W Law, H Lucas, C Barrachi, V Coevorden (of Namagaland), S Bullen, H Wardell, North-lac, Otto Fulmer, Shalford, R L Southwell, R Worters, L Wyman, Ben Nevis, T G (Ware), F W, R F N Banks, H Reeve, and Commander W L Martin (R.N.).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2256.

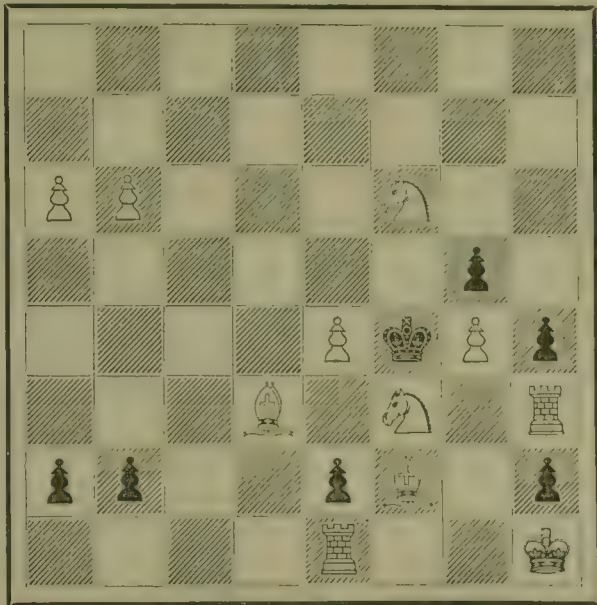
- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 5th K takes Kt
2. Q to K 7th (ch) K moves
3. Mates accordingly.

NOTE.—The foregoing is the author's solution; but several correspondents have discovered a very good and elaborate solution by way of 1. Kt to Q 5th, and others send 1. K to K 3rd.

PROBLEM No. 2259.

By A. E. STUDD.

BLACK



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

Played between Mr. JAMES MORTIMER and Mr. W. H. K. POLLOCK.

(Vienna Opening.)

- | | | | |
|--|------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 17. Kt to Q 5th | Kt to K 4th |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 18. Q to B 3rd | Kt to K 2nd |
| 3. P to K B 4th | P takes P | | |
| 4. Kt to K B 3rd | B to K 2nd | | |
| 5. B to Q B 4th | P to K Kt 4th | | |
| 6. P to Q 4th | P to Q 3rd | | |
| 7. P to K R 4th | B takes Kt | | |
| 8. Kt to Kt 5th | P takes Kt | | |
| 9. P takes B | Q takes P | | |
| 10. P to K Kt 3rd | Q to K 2nd | | |
| 11. Kt to Q Kt 5th | K to Q sq | | |
| 12. Q B takes P | P to Q R 3rd | | |
| 13. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt takes P | | |
| There is no advantage on either side at this juncture. | | | |
| 14. Q to Q 3rd | Kt to B 6th (ch) | | |
| 15. K to B 2nd | B to Q 2nd | | |
| 16. Q R to Q sq | | | |
| A very strong coup. | | | |
| 16. | P to K R 4th | | |

Problem No. 2259 is published by special request. We are aware, however, that many of our readers prefer simpler fare, and therefore append a three-move problem by Herr Bandermann:—

White: K at K square, Kts at K 6th and Q 4th, B at Q Kt square. (Four pieces.)

Black: K at K 6th, B at K R 8th, Pawn at K 5th. (Three pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

We have received from Messrs. J. Downey and Sons, of South Shields, a very fine specimen of photographic art, representing a group of British and Irish chess editors, prepared by Mrs. T. B. Rowland, of Dublin. Each photograph has affixed to it the autograph of the original. We hope the work may find a place in every British and Irish chess club. Copies will be supplied by Mrs. T. B. Rowland, 9, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin.

We go to press too early in the week to record the proceedings at the opening of the German Chess Congress on the 18th inst. at Frankfurt. Twenty-one players have entered the lists of the Masters' Tournament, including Messrs. Blackburne, Burn, Gunsberg, and Zukertort from London. Berlin, Leipzig, and Vienna are strongly represented—three masters from each city, and Louis Paulsen is expected to make his appearance in the arena ere the lists are closed.

A match between the members of the Paris Cercle and the British Chess Club was played at the rooms of the latter on Monday. The play was followed by a banquet to the visitors, with a smoking concert to wind up the evening.

The Hampstead Vestry have decided to contribute £20,000 (in place of £10,000 as previously decided) towards the cost of the proposed purchase by the Metropolitan Board of Works of Parliament-hill and the adjacent fields, as an extension of Hampstead-heath.

It has been arranged that Mr Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Kekewich will be the vacation Judges. Mr. Justice Kekewich, who has taken Rotteridge Park, Heris, for the autumn, will be the Judge during the first half of the long vacation, which begins on Aug. 12 and ends on Oct. 24.

The fifty-third report of the National Education Board has been published. The schools on the operation list now number 8024, showing an advance of 88 schools over last year. The total number of pupils in attendance during the 14 days immediately preceding the result of examinations was 705,585, but the total which made any attendance during the year 1886 was 1,071,791. The great test, however, is the average daily attendance—viz., 490,484 pupils, a decrease of 11,970 as compared with that of 1885. This decrease, the Commissioners state, "is mainly attributable to the prevalence of epidemics in many parts of the country." Of the average daily attendance, 78.1 are Catholics, 10.2 Protestants, 10.4 Presbyterians, and 1.3 Dissenters. There are 4019 schools in which the attendance is mixed. Of these, 2714 are under Catholic teachers, 1228 under Protestant teachers, and 77 are under teachers of both denominations.

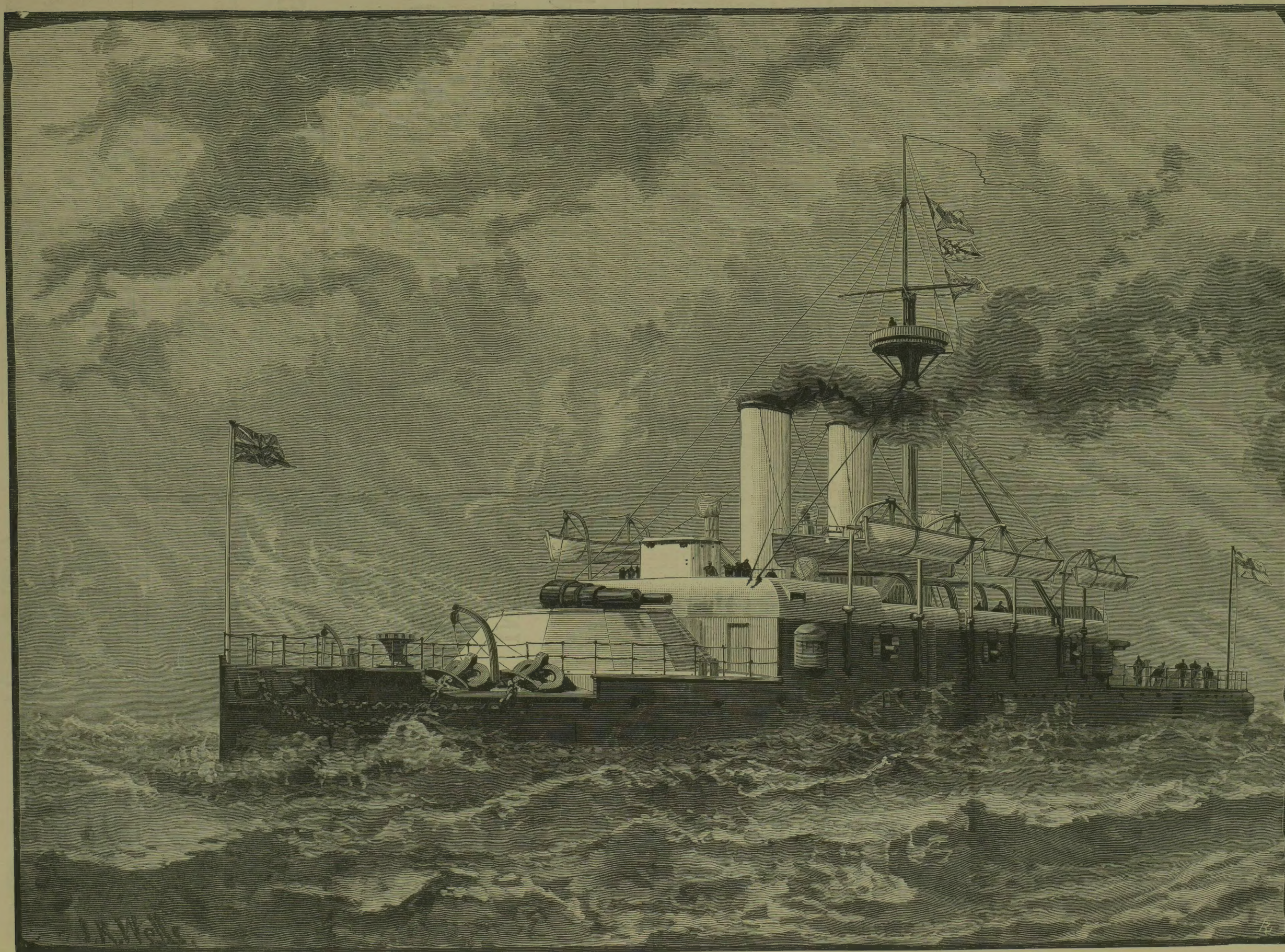
NEW BOOKS.

ODD TRAVELLING.

Around the World in a Bicycle. By Thomas Stevens (Sampson Low and Co.).—This last quarter of the nineteenth century is the age of audacious eccentric freaks. Englishmen and Americans, every year, win ephemeral renown by some queer feat of locomotion. "Straddle—a saddle—and skedaddle!" is the watchword of a numerous and highly organised association of strong and active young men, whose Transatlantic champion has now conquered, if not the circumference of the globe, with its lands and seas, the greater part of the *orbis terrarum* affording solid ground for his revolving pair of unequal circles. Three Continents, America, Europe, and Asia, with an aggregate land-breadth of at least seven thousand geographical miles as far as the capital of Persia, and extended, with the intervening ocean, over 180 degrees of longitude, half the surface of the terrestrial orb, have been traversed by the solitary bicycle of Mr. Thomas Stevens. Let him enjoy the glory of an achievement that required not only the skill to ride his machine, but courage, fortitude, and patience, in the endurance of toil and of frequent hardships, with the tact and shrewdness, and the constant good-humour, that were needed in finding his road and his provender among various nations of mankind. To them, in many sequestered countries of stationary population, this "extravagant and wheeling stranger" must have been a singularly fantastic visitor; and human nature cannot be so very bad if it resisted the temptation, for mere mischief, to stop his amazing career. We are glad that he got along so well, because we like him, in the companionship between author and reader, and we feel sure that he is personally a good fellow. He writes a neat, nimble, smoothly and swiftly rolling style—that of a literary bicyclist, midway between the *sermo pedestris* and the chariot of rhetorical pomp. His jokes are often cheap and small, as may be observed in the travelling notes of gentlemen who go about alone, brooding over the trivialities of each day's experience, having neither business, nor friends, nor books with them for wider themes of thought. It seems to us, moreover, that a bicycle-rider is somewhat less advantageously circumstanced than a traveller on foot, or even a horseman, for seeing the country and talking freely with the people. There is nothing like walking, after all, if it were not so slow, and if one could get rid of the knapsack, exposing him to the curiosity of the natives, and repelling them from easy conversation. The horse, if the man can ride and take care of his steed, is a general passport to popular goodwill. But the novelty of the bicycle, however flattering to the self-consciousness of its owner, cannot be a recommendation to ordinary rustic folk. We should therefore not be disposed, in any case, to follow the example of Mr. Stevens, though bicycle-riding is the most delightful, perhaps the most healthful, exercise of its kind. It is too evident, from his narrative, that the man becomes, in a long journey, rather a slave to the machine. His attention must be constantly applied to the state of the road, whether sandy, muddy, or stony; he must eye the ground for ruts, loose pebbles, and other petty causes of danger, or he may get a fall. How often did Mr. Stevens lose the most beautiful sights by the wayside, or was debarred from the most attractive paths to the right or left, by consideration for his mechanical assistant! The bicycle, of course, is not available in some parts of the road; the man has to walk, and trundle it by his side, over bad pieces; he may come to marshes and places of deep mire, where it would stick, or to rocks or thickets of underwood, in a wild country, where it must be lifted and carried. In crossing a deep stream without a bridge, the bicycle is tied to pieces of wood and so floated, to be pushed over by the man swimming. If he wades he trundles it. Mr. Stevens, who started from the shore of San Francisco Bay, April 22, 1884, crossing the Sierras Nevadas, the Desert of Utah, and the Rocky Mountains to Wyoming, soon found that his travelling could not be all riding. This American portion, however, of his immense itinerary must not detain us, though abounding with humorous anecdotes of the quaint sayings and habits of Western men, of Mormons, gold-diggers, and Indians, and giving some description also of the prairies, Nebraska, Iowa, and other States, with the route along the south shore of Lake Erie. He reached Boston on Aug. 4, having taken a hundred and three days to wheel over 3700 miles from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. It was not till the next year, April 9, 1885, that he embarked for Europe; and when arrived he spent three weeks in England, making acquaintance with our leading bicyclists, and preparing for his overland ride from Dieppe to Canton. The design of traversing, in this manner, not only Europe and Western Asia, but the entire breadth of Asia, including Tartary, Thibet, and China, had become fixed in his mind. We are content, in this volume, to go with him as far as Teheran, starting on May 11, 1885, from Dieppe, and reaching Teheran on Sept. 30, a distance of nearly 4000 miles from London. This is a long stretch; his route lay through France, by Rouen to Paris, and eastward by Nancy to Strasbourg; across Baden and Wurtemberg to Ulm, Augsburg, and Munich; on to the valley of the Inn, to the Danube, and to Vienna; thence to Presburg and Buda-Pesth, in Hungary; now southward to Slavonia, onward by Peterwardein to Belgrade; through Servia and Eastern Roumelia, to Constantinople, where the bicyclist arrived on July 2, having wheeled over 2500 miles of European highways since his landing in Liverpool. He had useful directions and introductions from the Société Vélocipédique of Paris, the Augsburg Velocipede Club, the Vienna Wanderers' Bicycle Club, three clubs at Buda-Pesth, which is a very sporting city, and a Servian club at Belgrade. They entertained him with much hospitality; two Austrian comrades escorted him into Hungary; and Mr. Svetozar Igali, an enthusiastic amateur, conducted him all the way to Belgrade. Mr. Stevens knew little French or German, but picked up some words on his road. So far, in Europe, he had done no more than some of our countrymen may easily have done. But on Aug. 11, when he has left Constantinople, and, crossing the Sea of Marmora to Ismid, has set forth on his lonely expedition through Asia Minor, Armenia, Khoordistan, and Persia, its adventurous character becomes manifest to the reader. The wisdom of this proceeding seems more dubious; and it will perhaps not be advisable that Englishmen, quite alone, with no guards or servants, riding the mechanical steed of modern invention, should penetrate the wildest regions of the Sultan's and of the Shah's dominions. A certain feeling of wondering awe in the minds of the barbarous population, including the habitual robbers and manslayers of the Circassian and Khoordish races, may have procured safety for Mr. Stevens in this first experiment; but it ought not lightly to be repeated. His narrative, amusing as it is, does not add much to the knowledge of those countries which has been supplied by travellers, residents, and geographers in other books. We are glad that he got safely to the Persian capital, and we hope that no harm will befall him in any part of the world. This entertaining volume is furnished with above one hundred sketches, cleverly drawn by Mr. W. A. Rogers, and with a coloured portrait of the author.



H.M.S. IMPÉRIEUSE.



H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD.

NOVELS.

Caterina. By the Author of "Lauterdale." Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—It is a pleasure to recommend, with such confidence as we feel in this instance, one of the brightest and most agreeable novels recently published. There are certain minor faults, it must be confessed, incidental to the composition of the book as a whole; but these do not affect the lively interest of the main story. The author, favourably known already by the deserved success of "Lauterdale," has that power which is the first and last condition of good novel-writing—the faculty of creating lifelike individual personalities, and of causing them mutually to influence one another in all their conversation and behaviour. As the principal characters, moreover, are highly estimable and amiable people—indeed, this is a novel without a villain, almost without a rogue—our friendly sympathies are constantly engaged on their behalf all round. With plenty of incident, and with a sufficient temporary embarrassment of cross-purposes and perplexing circumstances, to be happily solved at length by wise forbearance, energy, and generosity, there is no dark shadow of criminality. Somebody is rash, foolish, and obstinate; somebody else is rather mean; a noble veteran of the Austrian army, Count Nugent, has been suffering in exile from a false suspicion of disloyalty; but nobody has committed bigamy, or forgery, or attempted murder. For this exemption from the element of dire perfidious guilt and of impending infamy, to which many of our novel-writers are fain to resort, we are profoundly thankful. It is needful, however, briefly to explain, without prejudice to the narrative, what is the subject of the singularly pleasing story here put before us. "Caterina," who gives her name to the title, is not the person who bears the leading part in the action. She is a charming person, a star of the Opera, but an Irishwoman like Catherine Hayes. The principal heroine is Miss Kate Harding, niece to an elderly retired officer and landowner at Kilrush, on the Clare shore of the Shannon estuary. Colonel Harding has come near to ruining himself by an embankment scheme for reclaiming land from the estuary, which he fancies he understands, while his money has been wasted in vain, and he is threatened with legal proceedings by a London Company. His niece Kate, a brave, good, clever young woman, has obtained an accurate knowledge of the works, and is quietly assisted by her trusty friend Mr. Twiss, the family attorney, who deprecates Colonel Harding's infatuation. She goes to London with him, under cover of a previous invitation, in order to consult a Mr. M'Lean, a great contractor for public works, whom she had met when he was constructing a lighthouse on the Irish coast. Miss Harding is an orphan, inheriting £10,000 of her own, which she intends to devote to remunerating Mr. M'Lean for the cost or risk of completing her uncle's land-reclamation scheme. The better part of the story has its scene laid, not in Ireland but in London; and two of the very best figures in it are those of Mr. M'Lean and his son Tom. They are noble examples of the highest type of modern business men, commanding vast industrial resources, conversant with great affairs in every country of Europe, personally acquainted with sovereign princes, nobles, and statesmen. The portraiture of men of this class, well known in society and peculiarly characteristic of the present age, has rarely been attempted in contemporary fiction. We admire their grand liberality of sentiment, their solid accomplishments, their exact attention to details, their strict probity and fine sense of honour. Both these gentlemen are represented as amateurs of music, and Mr. Tom M'Lean, during a long sojourn at Vienna, has become acquainted with Caterina, as well as with the family of Count Nugent,

who has Irish connections, and is now residing with Colonel Harding. Many interesting reminiscences of the musical world are revived. By a series of accidental links, involving no great improbability, Caterina, visiting her Irish birthplace, and performing "Norma" at Limerick, meets Kate Harding; and they contract a beautiful sisterly affection, which helps, when they are together in London, to further the intimacy of the latter with the M'Lean family. An Austrian nobleman, Count Thurn, connected with the Imperial diplomatic service (a very good portrait) has to deal with the great English contractor for a Government railway in Galicia; and his friendly offices are secured to obtain an inquiry by which Count Nugent is restored to the Emperor's favour, on the eve of the great war with Prussia in 1866. So far, the domestic and social interest of the story is developed without too much admixture of historical discussions. But the author proceeds, unadvisedly in our opinion, to interpose several chapters upon the political affairs of the time; the condition of Vienna and of the Austrian Empire, the situation of Italy, the Germanic Confederation, the conduct of Bismarck and of Napoleon III., and other notorious transactions of Continental policy. These foreign public affairs should have been only referred to in a cursory manner, as introductory to the famous battle of Sadowa or Königgrätz, where Count Nugent, accompanied by the young Irishman Herbert Harding, Kate's cousin, wins fresh honours by distinguished gallantry in the field. Some little errors, also, might be pointed out in the historical account; a few names are incorrectly spelt, and some dates are not perfectly accurate; while the author has curiously misapprehended the method of playing the German game of military instruction called "Kriegs-spiel," which is, we believe, of later invention. But these are small incidental matters, which do not at all interfere with the sustained current of sympathetic feeling excited by the efforts of Kate Harding and her friends, Tom M'Lean, Caterina, and Mr. Twiss, to restore the fortunes and to preserve the happiness of a private family on the shores of the Shannon. Caterina herself, prematurely worn out by her exertions on the lyric stage, dies of consumption at the seaside village of Kilkee, leaving the remembrances of a short and brilliant career in artistic profession, of a pure and virtuous womanhood, and of wonderful unselfish kindness, the full measure of which is revealed at her death. The story is one that goes to the heart; while its liveliness, pleasantness, and wholesomeness, and the variety of scenes and adventures, are so delightful that we almost beg to be excused for pointing out a few instances of carelessness, or mistaken treatment of accessories, in such a capital and original novel.

Frederick Hazleden. By Hugh Westbury. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—Fred and his cousin Kate, lounging at lawn-tennis in the grounds of Lorton House on the sea-shore, in the opening scene, make an engaging couple. They presently become an engaged couple; and this is natural, for they have been brought up together and a pretty story is told of the two children, twelve years before, having run away together to get married, the little girl being innocently tired of Mrs. Wynnston's unsympathetic maternal rule. But the grown-up man and woman encounter distracting influences in the world of these restless times. Young Hazleden, after Rugby and Oxford, is ambitious of political distinction; he is a Liberal and a Radical; he becomes candidate for Dockborough, and allies himself with an O'Connor, of the Irish National League, who has a charming sister. Kate Wynnston, for her part an affectionate and rather passionate young lady, having got little substantial advice from the Vicar, who is a sceptical free-thinking clergyman, has a weakness for tran-

scendental mysteries. These are represented by an American thought-reader named Arnitte, romantic, accomplished, persuasive, and profoundly experienced, who has private reasons for hating O'Connor. The progress of the story brings Hazleden, as a member of the House of Commons under Mr. Gladstone's Administration, into equivocal relations with the Irish League; but another young gentleman, Mr. Richard Phillips, is induced to go much farther, actually becoming an accomplice of O'Connor in a dynamite plot at Westminster Abbey. Without stating how all these persons are finally disposed of, we may observe that Kate and Fred are made happy in the end; and that the author has cleverly used very recent phases of public life to enhance the interest of a novel which is quite worth reading.

A Choice of Chance. By William Dobson. Two vols. (T. Fisher Unwin).—This story, told in the first person by a young lady who was brought up as Miss Audrey Dalrymple, and who discovered, after the death of her supposed parents, that she was only an adopted child, and that she really belonged to a disreputable family of fisherman folk in Cornwall, has a strong moral interest, being sustained with much consistency of design and truth in the conception of character. The heroine finds that she has a brother, Reuben Bartry, or Pennell, who is in prison, charged with a murder of which, happening to know the circumstances, she believes him to be innocent. Her favourite handmaid, "Sittie," had been engaged to this young man; and the brave young lady, avowing her own relationship to him, when his trial has resulted in a sentence of death, exerts herself successfully, with the help of friends, to save him from the dreadful doom. In this endeavour she obtains the assistance of an influential public man, Sir James Ketterly, a member of the Government, who in his youth was addicted to profligate courses; and time brings to her knowledge another fact concerning her obscure parentage, which is even more painful—her real mother, the mother also of Reuben, having once been the mistress of Sir James Ketterly, who now feels remorse and wishes to treat Audrey with the affection due to a natural daughter. How such an enigmatical title as "A Choice of Chance" accords with these surprising changes of her position, we need not inquire. Earnestness of tone, and a straightforward, unaffected narrative style, with the propriety and delicacy befitting a tale of this kind related by one of the sex, commend it to the perusal of those who can bear with the painful situation. The character of Sir Lucas Naunton, a retired Indian officer, whom the young lady was led to regard as her uncle, is as estimable in its way as that of Colonel Newcome; while Lady Naunton's shallow worldliness is sufficiently exposed.

My Own Love-Story. By Henry Trollope. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—In this case it is a young gentleman, Mr. Walter Halifax, son of a country clergyman and educated at Cambridge, but earning his livelihood as a tutor to pupils in Paris, and subsequently reading for the Bar, who relates a passage in his own life, claiming a fair degree of sympathy in his struggle with the loss of an expected fortune, the inconveniences of poverty, and the obstacles to his winning the hand of Miss Laura Burgoyne. She is step-daughter to a Mr. Gumbell, a purse-proud, intemperate, arrogant man, who behaves offensively to Walter, but who ultimately goes off in a fit of apoplexy. There is another young man, who had been Walter's intimate friend, who sets up pretensions to become a suitor for Laura; but the course of true love does at length run smooth, and it is a good thing to have one or two rich uncles. This slight story is agreeably told, and its vein is that of sound principle and good common-sense.



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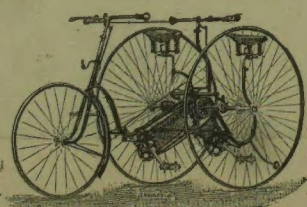
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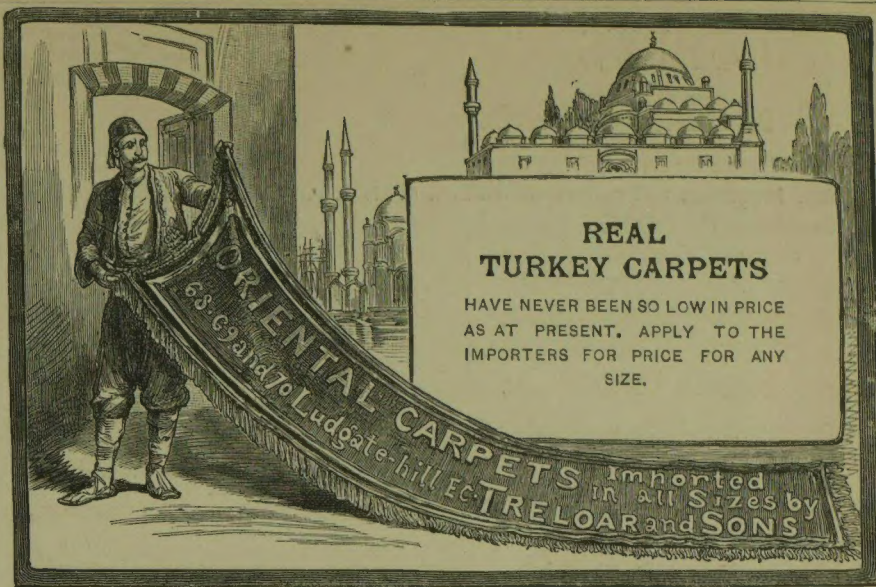
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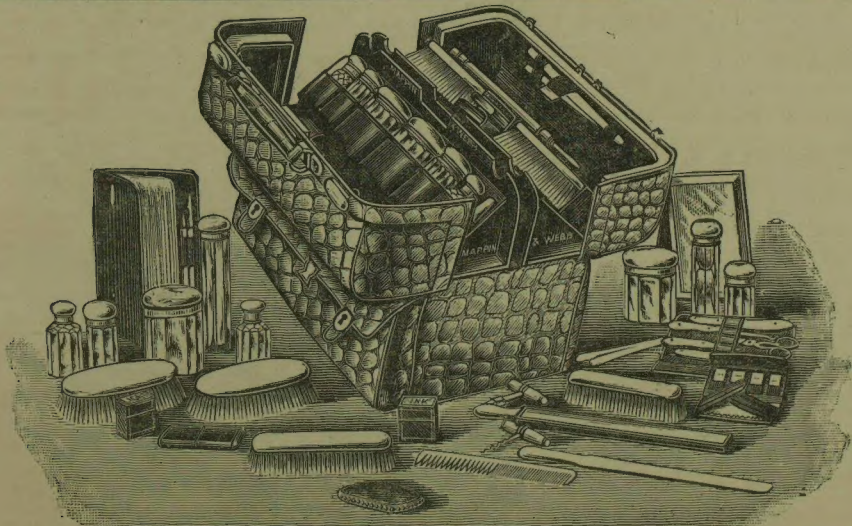
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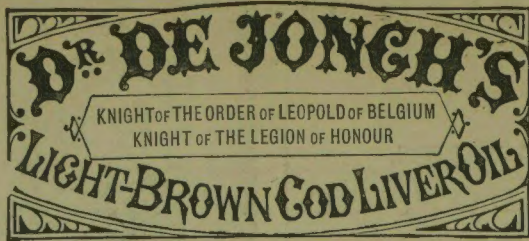
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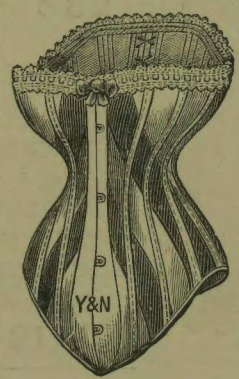
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